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BEING A COLLECTION OF

THE MORAL, INTELLIGENT, & REFINED SAYINGS

OF

WISE MEN IN ALL AGES,

IN

PROSE AND POETRY.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY REV. EDGAR L. PERKINS.

The little and short sayings of the wise and excellent are of great value, like the dust of gold, or the least sparks of diamonds. —*Tillotson.*

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INTRODUCTION.

It is some where written that, "Good sayings are the ornaments of life." This is strikingly true when applied to conversation; and Horace has remarked that, "a good maxim is never out of season." None appear to a greater advtanage in the social circle than those who are well acquainted with the laconic expressions of wise men. This teaches us the advantage to be derived from such a work as the one now introduced to the reader. Another writer has said, "Judicious maxims ought to be kept in the mind and frequently analyzed." Again, it is said, that, "it deserves our best skill to inquire into those rules by which we may guide our judgment." The reader that would follow these rules, will find great benefit in perusing the following pages.

Long discourses often create fatigue and excite disgust; men have not always the time to attend them, nor the penetration to comprehend their meaning; but proverbs and maxims neither burden the memory nor puzzle the understanding; they are therefore adapted to all persons and may be exemplified under all circumstances. A maxim is an important truth embraced in a few words; it is a volume compressed, as when the gass escapes from a bubble it shrinks to a drop. Colton has well remarked, that, "An era is fast approaching when no writer will be read by the great majority, save and except those who can effect that for bales of manuscripts, that the hydrostatic screw performs for bales of cotton, by condensing that matter into a period that before occupied a page." If such be the truth, the present work will doubtless be acceptable to the great majority.

One other reason might be given why it should be acceptable to the mass of mankind, and this may best be expressed in the language of Juvenal: "*Qicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli.*"*

E. L. PERKINS.

Cromartie's, Bladen Co., N. C., June 2d, 1847.

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* Our book relates to all the acts and employments of men.

PREFACE.

In collecting the matter which composes this volume several rules have been carefully observed.

First,—All those sayings have been avoided which are incompatible with good sense and sound judgment; such as

"*So the heart is right, matters not what the head believes.*"

This is indeed objectionable; for the state of the heart depends much upon the faith of the head.

"*That is well spoken which is well taken.*"

This is also objectionable, from the fact that many things are spoken in error and in error received, and though a fool may like to hear a fool speak, this is no evidence that a fool speaks well.

"*Get a name for rising early and you may lie in bed all day.*"

This too has its inconsistency; for the only way to sustain a good character is to persevere in a life of discretion; and men are less prepared to pass by a fault in one whose character is raised high in their estimation, than in those from whom they expected no better; hence, the higher a man's character is raised, the more necessary it becomes for him to be particular in his deportment, and true to his profession.

"*A bad beginning makes a good ending.*"

Nothing is more absurd, and it is as common as it is false: it may serve as a last ray of hope to the unfortunate, but wise men prefer to say with Horace, "That which is well begun is half done."

Secondly,—There are many sayings afloat in the world which are exceedingly light and empty; as,

"*Some go to law for the wagging of a straw.*"

"*One year a nurse and seven years the worse.*"

There may be meaning in such expressions, but they are like chaff in the stomach, and never digest to much profit; therefore all such have been excluded from this work.

Thirdly,—Many sayings are alike in sentiment, but expressed in different words; as,

"*Help yourself and heaven will help you.*"

"*Providence helps those who help themselves.*"

Several other forms of expressing the same sentiment are often met with: One form is sufficient for the same work, and care has been taken to avoid such repetition in this work.

It is hoped that nothing will be found in this work that is inconsistent with *common sense*: but if the reader should find any thing which he cannot admire he is requested to review the lines of the poet:

"Where frequent beauties strike the view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two.
But pardon equally to books and men,
The slips of human nature and the pen."

In conclusion it may be remarked that the advice of Cicero has been kept in view, "*E variis sumendum est optimum.*"*

E. L. P.

* We should select the best from various sources.

TRUTH.

*Magna est veritas et prevalebit.**
Truth gives wings to strength.
Truth is the basis of all excellence.
Truth may languish but can never perish.
Truth never fears rigid examination.
Truth scorns all kinds of equivocation.
Truths, like roses, have thorns about them.

Truth is founded on reality and therefore it is truth.—Rich. Watson.

To command esteem and secure peace is the sure reward of those who observe the truth.

The path of truth is a plain path and straight; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze.

The triumphs of truth are the most glorious, chiefly because they are the most bloodless of all victories, deriving their highest lustre from the numbers of the *saved*, not of the slain.—Colton.

The greatest friend to truth is time, her greatest enemy is prejudice, and her constant companion is humility.—Colton.

All truths must not be told at all times.

Truth is the light of the mind, the freedom of the soul, the atmosphere best adapted to the immortal spirit.—C. F. Dillms.

Though various foes against the truth combine,
Pride above all opposes her design.—Cowper.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are her's,
While wounded error writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers. Bryant.

Own honey sweet; but owning add this sting
"When mixed with poison, it is deadly to;"
Truth never was indebted to a lie.—Young.

Truth eldest daughter of the Deity:
Truth is deposited with man's last hour:
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust.—Young.

Verily, there is nothing so true, that the damps of error have not warped it.

Verily, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it.—Tupper.

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* Truth is great, and will prevail.

REASON.

Reason is the soul of the law.

Reason weighs heaviest when wrapped up in few words.

Reason alone, is a lamp without light.

Reason, like polished steel, must be kept bright by use, or it will rust.

Reason is to our passions, what the reins are to the coachman's team.—P.

Reason is, as it were the light and the ornament of life.—CICERO.

He that will not reason is a bigot, he that cannot reason is a fool, and he that dares not reason is a slave.

And what is reason? Be she thus defined
Reason is upright stature in the soul.—YOUNG.

By reason, man a god-head can discern,
But how he should be worshipped cannot learn.—DRYDEN.

Reason our guide, what can she more reply
Than that the sun illuminates the sky?—PRYOR.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to day,
Had he thy reason would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last he crops his flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.—POPE.

For a false reason shrewdly put, can often not be answered on the instant,
And prudence looketh unto faith, content to wait solutions.—TUPPER.

JUSTICE.

*Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.**

Justice though moving with a tardy pace, has seldom failed of overtaking the wicked in their flight.

As to be perfectly just, is an attribute of the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities, is the glory of man.

Four things belong to a judge; to hear courteously, to answer wisely, to consider soberly, and to give judgment without partiality.—SOCRATES.

Of all the virtues, justice is the best;
Valour without it, is a common pest.—WALLER.

'Tis our complexion makes us chaste or brave,
Justice from reason, and from Heav'n we have:
All other virtues dwell but in the blood;

---

* Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall.

That in the soul, and gives the name of good:
Justice is the queen of virtues.—WALLER.

HONESTY.

Honesty is the first step to true greatness.

Honesty is the best policy in all the affairs of life.

Honest men are easily bound: but ropes and chains to bind a knave.

The man who pauses in his honesty
Wants little of the villain.—MARTYN.

Freedom is father of the honest, and sturdy independence is his brother,
These three, with heart and hand dwell together in unity.—TUPPER.

DISCRETION.

Discretion is the perfection of all reasoning.—ADDISON.

Discretion guard thine asking, discretion aid thine answers,
Teach thee that well-timed silence hath more eloquence than speech,
Help thee to honor infirmities, to wink at innocent errors,
To take small count of forms, to bear with prejudice and fancy.—TUPPER.

WISDOM.

Wisdom is judgment exercised on the true value of things desirable.

Wisdom alone is truly fair: folly only appears so.

No man is wise at all times, nor knowing in all things.

A wise man endeavors to shine in himself; a fool, to outshine others.

Of all parts of wisdom, the practice of it is the best.

The wisest man is he who thinks he is not so.

Study wisdom and you will reap pleasure.

One wise head is better than several hands.

A poor man's wisdom is like a palace in a wilderness.

A wise man gets learning from those who have none themselves.

Man's greatest wisdom is to know his own weakness.

Wisdom is more conspicuous when surrounded by folly, as fox-fire shews best in the dark.

The first step to wisdom is to be exempt from folly.—HORACE.

Those who are anxious to appear wise among the ignorant, usually appear ignorant among the wise.—QUINCT.

It is the part of a wise man to be circumspect, hence wisdom has derived the name of prudence.—CICERO.

It is better to have wisdom without learning, than learning without wisdom; just as it is better to be rich without being the possessor of a gold mine, than to possess a mine without being rich.—COLTON.

To some the powers of bloody war belong,
To some sweet music and the charm of song;
To few, and wondrous few, has Jove assigned
A wise, extensive, all-considering mind.—POPE.

If wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor folly lead a happy life.
And if both suffer what has earth to boast!—YOUNG.

Wisdom divine, who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.—C. WESLEY.

Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate what thou knowest,
Otherwise thy learning is hidden, and thou seemest to be unwise.
—TUPPER.

LEARNING.

Learning is wealth to the poor and ornament to the rich.

The greatest learning is to be seen with the greatest plainness.

The pursuit of learning is like one walking in the fog, the mists appear gradually to give way before us as we advance.

He who teaches others learns himself.

Every man wishes to be informed, but few are willing to pay the price.—JUVENAL.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning, he can never become wise but by his own wisdom.

It happens to men of learning as to ears of corn; they shoot up, and raise their heads high, whilst they are empty, but when full and swelled with grains they begin to flag and droop.

Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.—YOUNG.

The learned full of inward pride,
The fops of outward show deride.—GAY.

The learned do by turns the learn'd confute,
Yet all depart unaltered by dispute.—ORRERY.

Learning itself, received into the mind
By nature weak, or viciously inclined,
Serves but to lead philosophers astray,
Where children would with ease discern the way.—COWPER.

REFLECTION.

Reflection is the first step to Reform.—P.

—

Reflection is a flower of the mind, giving out wholesome fragrance,
But reverie is the same flower when rank and running to seed.
TUPPER.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitants, to ruin runs.

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them what report they bore to Heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news. *Young.*

The key-stone of mind, to give thy thoughts solidity,
To bind them as in an arch, to fix them as the world in its sphere.
Tupper.

THOUGHTS.

By entertaining good thoughts you will keep out evil ones.

—

Guard well thy thoughts: our thoughts are heard in Heaven.
Young.

Thought in the mind, may come forth gold or dross;
When coined in words, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'T will buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.—*Young.*

CHARITY.

Charity, like the sun, brightens all its objects.

True Charity is not a meteor which glares; but a luminary, which, in its orderly, regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

—

In faith and hope the world will disagree
But all mankind's concern is charity.—*Pope.*

No harsh reflection let remembrance raise,
Forbear to mention what thou canst not praise.—*Prior.*

As in a picture, if the faults abound,
The artist veils them in a shade profound;
So in the errors of the friends we see,
O, shroud them in the shade of charity.

Fond to oblige, too gentle to offend,
Beloved by all, to all too good a friend;
The bad she censured by her acts alone,
Blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
In others griefs, a tender part she bore,
And all the needy shared her little store.

Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at a trifle:
Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal them:
Charity is praised of all, and fear not thou that praise,
God will not love thee less because men love the more.—*Tupper.*

GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.—*A Mute.*

Of all the virtues, gratitude has the shortest memory.
Gratefulness lasts while gifts endure.

The incense of gratitude, whilst it expresses our duty, and honours our benefactor, perfumes and regales ourselves.

A grateful mind
By owing owes not, but pays at once
Indebted and discharged.—*Milton.*

The wretch whom gratitude once fails to bind,
To truth or honuor let him lay no claim;
But stand confes'ed the brute disguised in man.—*Browde.*

THANKS.

Profusion of thanks, are often but the pioneers of greater petitions.—*P.*

Thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.—*Shakspeare.*

HOPE.

Hope is the blossom of happiness.
Hope is the balm of the disconsolate.
Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper.
Hopes delayed hang the heart upon tender hooks.
A false grounded hope is a waking man's dream
A vain hope flatters the heart of a fool.

Hope exilerates the mind, and is the grand elixer under all the evils of life.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.—*Shakspeare.*

The miserable have no other medicine
But only hope.—*Shakspeare.*

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.—*Pope.*

Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts. *Shakspeare.*

And hope who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears.

A visit to the sky. *Barbould.*

Hope like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the day;
And still as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray. *Goldsmith.*

BENEVOLENCE.

The benevolent man ever seeks for an opportunity to give.

That which is necessary is doubly grateful if you offer it unsolicited.

Even self-interest is a motive to benevolence; for there are none so low but have it in their power to return a good office.

—

Man like the generous vine supported lives;
The strength he gains, is from the embrace he gives.

GOODNESS.

To be good is to be happy.

By good nature half the misery of human life might be assuaged.

Measure your life by acts of goodness, not by years.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

—

Though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's gate; and to simplicity
Resigns her charge; while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage with peace is the world's paradise.

Humble wedlock is better than proud virginity.

The knot that is tied in treachery, will be loosed in jealousy.

In marriage the relative proportion of property is not so much to be considered, as the union of mind and the identity of manners and disposition. *Terence.*

—

Marriage, when rightly understood,
Is, to the virtuous and the good,
A paradise below.

I glory in those sacred ties
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

Duch. What do you think of marriage?
Anto. I take it as those who deny purgatory,

It locally contains a heaven or hell,
There is no third place in it. *Shakspeare.*

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace. *Shakspeare.*

I want (who does not want) a wife,
Affectionate and fair;
To solace all the woes of life,
And all its joys to share.
Of temper sweet: of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiments refined. *J. Q. Adams.*

Like blood, like goods, and like ages,
Make the happiest marriages.

The good or ill hope of a good or ill life,
Is the good or ill choice of a good or ill wife.

SECRECY.

Secrecy is the soul of all great designs.

To tell our own secrets, is folly; to divulge the secrets of others is treachery.

If you would teach secrets to others, begin with yourself.

We should not expect others to keep secrets for us, that we ourselves cannot keep.

Tell no secrets to your friends, and your enemies will not hear them.

As pence in children's pockets secrets lie
In female bosoms, they must burn or fly. *Crabb.*

Secrets with girls like pop-guns with boys,
Are undervalued 'til they make a noise. *Crabb.*

OPINIONS.

Opinion is the great pillar which upholds the commonwealth.

Licentiousness of opinion leads to licentiousness of practice.

It is self-conceit that makes opinion obstinate.

Opinionative men believe nothing but what they think they can comprehend.

You believe that easily which you hope to be true. *Terence.*

We are slow to believe that, which, if believed, would hurt our feelings. *Ovid.*

He who gives his opinions freely and in haste, will have to take them back reluctantly and slowly. *P.*

He that determines before he enquires, will afterwards have to enquire and alter his determinations.

DESIRES.

He that desires but little, will never need much.

Desires are often increased by delays.

Much is wanting where much is desired.

Unbridled desires are the fuel which the flames of impurity feed on.

We lessen our wants by lessening our desires. *Laberius.*

AFFECTION.

Give me but
Something whereunto I may lend my heart;
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round!

KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is the treasure of the mind.

It is good to know much, but better to make good use of what we know.

Knowledge is not only a bondwoman to labor for our gain; but a sweet companion to labour for our pleasure.

JUDGMENT.

Judgment is the treasure of the wise man.

Judgment is the throne of prudence, and silence is its sanctuary.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.—Pope.

SOCIETY.

Society is the atmosphere of souls.

Society like a shaded silk must be viewed in all its situations.

La beaute sans vertu est une fleur sans parfum.
Beauty is no longer amiable than while virtue adorns it.
Beauty is the flower, but virtue is the fruit of life.

Beauty without honesty is like poison in a box of gold.

External beauty may captivate, but internal beauty will secure.

External beauty, like the meteor's flash, soon passes away, but the beauties of the mind are imperishable.

Beauty, like glass, is both brittle and irreparable.

—

Beauty thou art a fair but fading flower;
The tender prey of every coming hour.—SEDLEY.

Beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.—SHAKSPEARE.
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye
Not uttered by base sale of chapman's tongues.—SHAKSPEARE.

For loveliness
Needs not the aid of foreign ornaments;
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.—THOMPSON.
Trust not too much to that enchanting face:
Beauty's a charm, but soon that charm will pass;
As lillies lie neglected on the plain,
While dusky hyacinths for use remain.—DRYDEN.
Beauty like ice our own footing doth betray,
Who can tread sure on the smooth slippery way;
Pleased with the passage we slide swiftly on,
And see the dangers which we cannot shun.

What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
To peace of mind and harmony within?
What the bright sparkling of the finest eye
To the soft soothing of a calm reply?
Can comeliness of form, of shape, or air,
With comeliness of words, or deeds compare?
No: these at first the unwary heart may gain;
But these, these only can the heart retain. *Gay.*

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must pass away.
But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes. *Carew.*

Beauty is but a vain, fleeting good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when almost in the bud,
A brittle glass that breaketh presently. *Shakespeare.*

Affect not to despise beauty: no one is freed from its dominion;
But regard it not a pearl of price: it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds. *Tupper.*

ORNAMENT.

Ornament well becomes the homely and deformed, but true beauty needs none.

Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a vast dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty: in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. *Shakespeare.*

The smiling current oft conceals
The fatal sands or dreadful rock;
No index paints the hidden curse
Until we feel the rending shock.
Despair, encircling, shrouds the wreck
And hope, despairing, flees the deck.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The beautiful and accomplished, are apt to study behavior rather than virtue.

MANNERS.

Mend your manners and that will mend your fortune.
Levity of manners is succeeded by laxity of principle.
Unsophisticated manners are the genuine comments of a virtuous mind.

LIBERALITY.

Liberality consists not in giving largely, but in giving wisely.

TOLERATION.

Toleration should spring from charity, not from indifference.

GENTLEMEN.

To blend true dignity with softness of manners, is the happy art of being a true gentleman.

—

Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust and bones: and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. *Johnson.*

MIND.

If the mind sow not corn it will plant thistles.
Little minds like weak liquors, are soonest soured.
Little minds like little pots, easily boil over.—P.
Rectitude of the will is the greatest ornament of the mind.

—

The mind in it's own place and in itself.
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. *Milton.*

The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home. *Young.*

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span;
I must be measured by my soul,
The mind's the standard of the man. *Watts.*

For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peerith in the meanest habit. *Shakspeare.*

Mind may act upon mind, though bodies be far divided;
For the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen.
Tupper.

AUTHORS.

That author does most for his reader, which gives them the greatest wisdom and takes from them the least time.—*Colton.*

Wilst an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; when he is dead, we rate them by his best.
Colton.

BOOKS.

Books are the pictures of men's minds.
A few books well chosen is better than a great library.
Bad books are the public fountains of vice.
No book can be so good as to be profitable when negligently read.
Seneca.

—

O! books! books! books! it makes me sick
To think me how ye're multiplied;
Like Egypt's frogs ye poke up thick
Your ugly heads on every side.

In dead born volumes never read,
From age to age ye mouldering lie,
Where old housekeeping spiders spread
Their bits of webing out to dry.

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view,
We must not quarrel for a blot or two,
But pardon equally to book or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

LIBRARIES.

In the world you are subject to every fool's humor—in a library you can make every wit subject to yours.

—

Give me
Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
Contain my books, the best companion, is
To me a glorious Court, where hourly I
Converse with old sages and Philosophers.—*Fletcher.*

SENSE.

Good sense often brings our good luck.

Sense shines with the greatest lustre when set in humanity.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, he has thereby more ways of exposing himself.

Fine sense, and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense; even as he who carries nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of ready change.—*Colton.*

STYLE.

A bad style is better than a bad story.

PRINTING.

It is printing that gives immortality to speech.—P.

The loaded press beneath her labour grons
While printers' devils shake their weary bones. *Byron.*

TALKING.

Great talkers are apt to be little thinkers.
Great talkers like broken pitchers let every thing run out.
He that tells all he knows will soon tell what he does not know.

And wit talks most, when least she has to say,
And reason interrupts not her career. *Young,*

EDUCATION.

Education is to the mind what fire is to a lamp.

What sculpture is to the block, education is to the mind.

Men commonly owe their virtue, or vice, as much to education as to nature.

Education begins a man; conversation finishes him.

Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.

If a mother will fill her son with self-conceit, she makes him a man at twelve, and a boy all his life after.

A classic education, is as a bunch of keys placed in the hands of a student, demanding entrance into all science.

Every To-day is educating us for To-morrow; youth educates for manhood, and time for eternity. *Deems.*

'Tis education forms the common mind
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined. *Pope.*

The mind imperishable and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees
And through life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That education gives her, false or true. *Cowper.*

Children, like tender Oziers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashioned, always grow:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone.
In age we are by second nature prone. *Dryden.*

HONOR.

Honor is the reward of fidelity.

Titles of honor are like impressions on coin,—which add no value to gold and silver, but only render brass current.

The way to be truly honoured is to be truly good.

The truly illustrious are they who do not court the praise of the world, but who perform the actions which deserve it.

Mine honor keeps the weather of my fate
Life every man holds dear; but the dear man
Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.—*Shakspeare.*

Mine honor is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honor let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die. *Shakspeare.*

MERIT.

Among the base, merit begets envy, among the noble emulation.

CANDOUR.

Candour controls our severe judgments, as the reins of a driver control a team of spirited horses.

REPUTATION

Reputation is the darling of human affections.

A good reputation is a rich jewel.

To merit regard, is the sure way to obtain it.

Misery succeeds reputation, as night succeeds the day.

The reputation of a man is like his shadow; it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than his natural size.

The purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation; that away,
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay. *Shakspeare.*

APPLAUSE.

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

He whose ruling passion is love of praise, is a slave to every one who has a tongue for detraction.

APPLICATION.

Frequent application is to the mind, what repeated tillage is to the earth.

Superior abilities are acquired by long application.

Application in youth makes old age comfortable.

Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge than to show it.

FORTITUDE.

Fortitude without wisdom is but rashness.

True fortitude is the distinguishing mark of a great mind.

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more? none. *Shakspeare.*

PRAISE.

Faint praise is worse than no praise.

None have less praise than those who pant most after it.

Paise without profit, puts little in the pocket.

Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good. *Young.*

To show the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.
What numbers are there who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contem it, too! *Young.*

GREATNESS.

The true measure of magnanimity, is to be neither rash nor timerous.

To say little and perform much is the characteristic of a great mind.

Greatness supported by goodness is the greatest of all greatness.

Greatness may build a tomb, but goodness must have the epitaph.

Great men will never trample on worms nor sneak to kings.

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more.—YOUNG.

Tempered by humbleness and charity, honesty of speech hath honour;
And mingled well with prudence, honesty of purpose hath its praise;
Trust payeth homage unto truth, rewarding honesty of action;
And all men love to lean on him who never failed nor fainted.
Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and nobleness of nature at his heart,
And Independence took a crown and fixed it on his head:
So, he stood in his integrity firm and just of purpose,
Aiding many, fearing none, a spectacle to angels and to men.
Yea, when the shattered globe shall rock in the throes of dissolution,
Still will he stand in his integrity, sublime—an honest man.—TUPPER.

WORTH OF THE SOUL.

Were all the seas of chrysolite,
And earth a golden ball;
And diamonds all the stars of night,
My soul is worth them all.

If for a world a soul be lost,
That loss what can supply?
More than a thousand worlds it cost,
That single soul to buy.

Not all these luminaries quenched at once,
Were half so sad as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness and meets despair.—YOUNG.

Behold this midnight glory; worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; and twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole: one soul outweighs them all;
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligible creation poor.—YOUNG.

INNOCENCE.

Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible.

Application and industry are the best preservatives of innocence.

Innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyrrany
Tremble at patience,—*Shakespeare.*

The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.—*Shakspeare.*

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.—*Shakespeare.*

PHILOSOPHY.

A knowledge of our duties is the most useful part of philosophy.

Philosophy does not look into pedigrees—she did not receive Plato as a noble, but she made him such.—*Seneca.*

Philosophy can hold an easy triumph over past and future misfortunes; but those which are present triumphs over her.—*Rochfoucault.*

One true philosopher is worth a thousand linguists,

The best philosophy is to make duty a pleasure and to possess a mind unruffled amid the misfortunes of life.

HUMANITY.

On piety humanity is built;
And on humanity much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.—*Young.*

TEARS.

Tears are proofs of sincerity, but not of wisdom.—*P.*

The tears of the congregation are the preacher's praise.

Some weep in earnest and yet weep in vain,
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.—*Young.*

Not dew-drops glittering in the morning ray,
Seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.—*Shakspeare.*

DEITY.

A Deity believed, is joy begun;
A Deity adored, is joy advanced;
A Deity beloved, is joy matured.—*Young.*

If to conceive how any thing can be
From shape extracted, and locality,
Is hard: what think you of the Deity.—*Jenyns.*

Open mine eye dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they are, unaltered through the glass
Of worldly wishes.—*Young.*

UNITY.

In union there is strength.

Unity is the essence of amity.

A common danger produces unanimity.

Unity of interests often make unity of sentiments.

Uniformity in action follows perspicuity in description.

HABIT.

Habit in infancy becomes nature in old age.

Pitch upon that course of life which is most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

PROVIDENCE.

Providence helps those who try to help themselves.

The tracks of Providence like rivers wind,
Here run before us, there retreat behind.—*Higgins.*

'Tis Providence alone secures,
In every change both mine and yours,
Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape:
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.
Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread:
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.

REPENTANCE.

To amend your ways, is the best way to repent.

By deferring our repentance, we accumulate our sorrows.

Every delay of repentance is a cheat upon ourselves.

Some act first, think afterward, and repent forever.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is not of heaven nor earth.—SHAKSPEARE.

Heaven may forgive a crime to penitence,
For heaven can judge if penitence be true.—DRYDEN.

RELIGION.

He that hath not religion for his pillow is without a resting place.

Humility and love, whatever circumssances may involve religious tenets, constitute the essence of true religion.

Religion is a good armour, but a bad cloak.

Religion raises men above themselves; irreligion sinks men beneath the brutes: this binds them to earth; that, leads them to the skies.

Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fiight for it; die for it; do any thing but—*live for it.*—*Colton.*

True christianity depends on fact;
Religion is not theory, but act.—*Harte.*

Religion if in heavenly truths attired,
Need only be seen to be admired.—*Cowper.*

Religion does not censure or exclude,
Unnumbered pleasures harmlessly pursued.

'Tis religion that can give,
Our chiefest pleasures while we live,
'Tis religion that must supply,
Solid comforts when we die.

The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from this place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.—*Watts.*

Religion, richest favor of the skies,
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes;
No shades of superstition blot the day,
Liberty chases all that gloom away;
The soul emancipated, unoppress'd,
Free to prove all things, and hold fast the best,
Learns much and to a thousand listening minds
Communicates with joy the good she finds.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.—*Cowper.*

True religion
Is always mild, propitious, and humble;
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood,
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succour, and rēdress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good.—*Miller.*

PATIENCE.

Patience gives wings to time.—*P.*

Patience is a plaster for all sores.

Patience is the best remedy for grief.

Patience is bitter, but the fruit is sweet.

That which is impossible to correct, becomes light by patience.—HORACE.

Precipitation ruins the best contrived plans; patience matures the most difficult.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under a load of sorrow.— SHAKSPEARE

Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause:
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain.--SHAKSPEARE.

CONSCIENCE.

Conscience is the charter of justice.

A clear conscience fears no accusation.

A guilty conscience needs no accuser.

A good conscience is the best court of equity.

A quiet conscience sleeps in thunder.

An evil conscience is the most unquiet companion.

—

What stronger breat-plate than a heart untainted!
Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.—*Shakspeare.*

O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sigh it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name.—*Shakspeare.*

FAITH.

A sound faith is the best divinity.

—

Faith builds a bridge across the stream of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun.
'Tis faith disarms destruction. *Young.*

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides.—YOUNG.

There's nought on earth could charm or force

My spirit from its destined course:
There's nought could make my soul forget
The bond to which its seal is set.

Never was a marvel done upon the earth, but it had sprung of faith:
Nothing noble, generous or great, but faith was the root of the achievement;
Nothing comely, nothing famous, but its praise is faith.—TUPPER.

Faith in religion is an instrument; a handle, and the hand to turn it;
Less a condition than a mean, and more an operation than a virtue.
A moral sickness, like to sin, must have a moral cure;
And faith alone can heal the mind, whose malady is sense.
Ye are told in God's deep love, they that believe will love him;
They that love him, will obey; and obedience hath its blessing.
Tupper.

FATE.

The furthest from the fear
Are often nearest to the stroke of fate.—*Young.*

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And fate surprize thee nodding.—*Young.*

With equal pace impartial fate,
Knocks at the palace and the cottage gate.

FORGIVENESS.

Forgiveness is the fragrance of the rose when trampled upon.

The easiest way to forgive others is to think of your own faults.

How beautifully falls
From human lips the blessed word forgive;
Forgiveness! 'Tis the attribute of God;
The sound which openeth heaven; renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lessons of humanity,

That he can give it utterance ; it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.

BLISS.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bless'd :
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour.
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.—*Young.*

Give me but
Something, whereunto I may lend my heart :
Something to love, to rest upon, to clasp
Affection's tendrils round !

BLESSINGS.

Present blessings are generally undervalued.

—

How blessings brighten as they take their flight.—*Young.*

For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we see the value ; then we find
The virture, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—*Shakspeare.*

Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
Brief as the lightning in the calid night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold!
The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
So quick bright things come to confusion.—*Shakspeare.*

MEMORY.

Memory is the friend of wit.

Every man complains of his memory, but no man complains of his judgment.—*Rochefoucault.*

—

To be pained for a minute, to fear for an hour, to hope for a

weeek: how long and weary!
But to remember four-score years, is to look back upon a day.—
TUPPER.

SABBATH.

Sabbaths like way-marks cheer the christian's faith.—*Wilcox.*

—

A sabbath well spent,
Brings a heart of content;
And a health for the toils of to-morrow,
But a sabbath profaned,
Whatoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

MEDITATION.

Meditation is the fountain of discourse.

—

Here the heart
May give a useful lesson to the head,
And learning wiser grow without his books.—*Cowper,*

Oh, let me draw refreshment from the past!
Then let my soul run back,
With peace and joy, along my earthly track,
And see that all the seeds
That I have scattered there in virtuous deeds,
Have sprung up and have given,
Already, fruits of which to taste in heaven!

PRAYER.

Prayer is the breath of the soul.

Prayer is the spirit looking upward to its place of nativity, and desiring to return:

Prayer should be the key of the day and the lock of the night.

Prayer opens the heart, lets out grief prayer opens heaven and lets down grace.

Prayer is the peace of our spirits, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of the recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our care, and the calm of our tempest.

Prayer, ardent, opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory, on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.—*Young.*

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame:
Pray if thou canst or canst not speak:
Ask but in faith it shall be done.—*Hart.*

When the spirit is troubled with sorrow or care,
Be it ever so simple, there is nothing like prayer;
It soothes, settles, softens, subdues yet restrains,
Gives vigor to hope and puts passion in chains.

Prayer is a creature's strength, his very breath and being;
Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of mercy;
Prayer is the magic sound that saith to Fate, "So be it;"
Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence.—TUPPER.

GOOD NAME.

A good name is a great possession.

A bad wound is better than a bad name.

He that filches me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—*Shakspeare.*

Good name was dear to all; without it none
Could soundly sleep, even on a royal bed;
Or drink with relish from a cup of gold:
And with it on his borrowed straw, or by
The thorny hedge, beneath the open heavens,
The weary beggar took untroubled rest.—*Pollock.*

CHARACTER.

The higher character a man supports, the more he should regard his minutest actions.

It is only from general conduct that our true character, can be portrayed.

Our characters will be estimated by those with whom we associate; and if we form bad associates, our characters must suffer, just as strong wine would if poured into weak wine: while one is raised in value the other sinks in proportion.—P.

For outward matter or event, fashion not the character within.
But each man, yielding or resisting, fashioneth his mind for himself. *Tupper.*

COUNTENANCE.

The countenance is the index of the heart.

A pleasing countenance is a silent recommendation.

This man's brow, like to a little leaf
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume. *Shakespeare.*

COMPANY.

A man is known by the company he keeps.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

No company is better than bad; for as disease is more contagious than health, so vice is more readily copied than virtue.

GENEROSITY.

The generous never recount minutely the actions they have done; nor the prudent, those they will do.

GIFTS.

Auctor pretiosa facit.

Gifts long waited for are bought at a dear price.

He doubles his gifts who gives in time.

He who bestows a gift while he is living, enjoys the sweet reflection of having bestowed a charity, together with the smiles of of the receiver; but he who gives only in a dying hour enjoys neither.

Much is expected where much is given.

Who gives willingly, loves to give quickly.

Who gives secretly gives sincerely.

He who gives to a grateful man, puts his money at compound interest.

Those gifts are ever most acceptable which the giver has made precious. *Ovid.*

GENIUS.

A genius without means is like a lion in chains.

There never was a great genius without some tincture of madness. *Seneca.*

—

Great wit to madness sure is near allied. *Dryden.*

The lamp of genius, though by nature lit,
If not protected, pruned, and fed with care,
Soon dies or runs to waste. *Wilcox.*

VIRTUE.

Steadiness is the foundation of all virtue.

To practice virtue is the sure way to love it.

Virtue embalms the memory of the good.

Peace and honour are the sheaves of a virtuous harvest.

The two brightest ornaments in the crown of virtue, are peace and honour.

None ever depreciate a virtue which they practice themselves.

The friend of order has made half his way to virtue.

The true way to advance another's virtue is to follow it.

A virtuous maid in a fair body is like a fine picture in a good light.

If virtue reward us not so soon as we desire, the payment will be made with interest.

The mind of a virtuous man is a kingdom, over which a peaceful conscience presides, and sweet reflections are the active subjects of government.

Knowledge, with wealth united, if virtue be wanting, has very little influence, and is often despised.

The persons whom conscience and virtue support may smile at the caprices of fortune.

The way to the summit of virtue, is at times steep and craggy, but when once we have gained our point, all is order, beauty and pleasure.

To do unto all men as we would that they, in similar circumstances, should do unto us, constitutes the great principle of virtue.

The greatest support to virtue, is to see a great mind patient and tranquil under injuries and afflictions, and cordially forgiving its oppressors.

A person may be great or rich by chance, but cannot be wise or good without taking pains for it.

True virtue must form one complete and entire system: all its parts are connected; piety with morality, charity with justice, benevolence with temperance and fortitude.

It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others: it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves: it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because this is empire.

Virtue is more illustrious in the deepest distress, than vice in the brightest prosperity.

Virtue is a garment of honor, but wickedness a robe of shame.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward flourishing manhood.

—

For virtue bruised, exhales a purer breath,
Sighs fragrance forth and triumphs over death.

In struggling with misfortunes
Lies the proof of virtue.—*Shakspeare.*

Virtue concealed within our breast
Is inactivity at best. *Swift.*

Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall. *Young.*

What is virtue? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delights. *Young.*

Virtue, dear friends, needs no defence;
The surest guard is innocence. *Roscoman.*

'Tis virtue forms the man—not birth,
Tho' titled by the great of earth
He will be but ignoble clay
Take goodness from his heart away.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach me how to climb,
Higher than the sphery clime;
Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her. *Milton.*

Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthrall'd:
Yea, even that, which mischief meant most harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory;
But evil in itself shall back recoil. *Milton.*

To purchase Heaven, has gold the power?
Can gold remove the mortal hour?
In life, can love be bought with gold?
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?
No—all that's worth a wish, a thought,
Fair virtue gives, unbribed, unbought. *Dr. Johnson.*

How beautiful the setting sun
Reposes o'er the wave!
Like virtue, life's drear warfare done,
Decending to the grave;
Yet smiling with a brow of love,
Benignant, pure and kind,
And blessing ere she soars above,
The realms she leaves behind.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone gives majesty in death. *Young.*

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

The soul's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue's prize. *Young.*

Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
Virtue alone is happiness below.
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good, without the fall of ill,
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blessed in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal if its end it gain,
And if it lose attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd;
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd:
And where no wants, no wishes can remain;
Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind. *Pope.*

There is much in the world that is doubtful,
There's much we shall never understand—
Why *virtue* should live in a poor house
And *vice* on the fat of the land.
For those who are fretful and peevish,
This duty remains to fulfil:
Frst try to be honest and happy,
And let the world do as it will.

CHRISTIAN.

He is a Christian who lives like one.

A Christian ie the brightest style of man. *Young.*

Ye different sects, who all declare,
Lo! here is Christ, and lo! he's there;
Your stronger proofs divinely give,
And show me how the Christians live.

TEMPERANCE.

Temperance is the best of all medicines.

Sobriety, temperance and tranquility are nature's best physicians.

Moderation in our pleasures keeps up a relish for them.

We should eat and drink to live, not live to eat and drink.

Socrates.

The temperate man's pleasures are durable, because they are regular; and all his life is calm and serene because it is innocent.

Habits of temperance must be acquired—and self denial—that we may be able to resist pleasure and to endure pain, when either of them interferes with duty.

AFFLICTION.

Affliction is often a kind chastisement and discipline to moderate our affections for the world.

Afflictions are the same to the soul as the plough to the fallow ground, the pruning knife to the vine, and the furnace to the gold.

Jay.

To cleanse the soul from all its earthly dross,
He sends afflictions—draws the spirit on
To bear its load all humbly to his throne,
And by deep anguish purifies the heart. *Stephens.*

CONFESSION.

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day thae yesterday.

Why does no man confess his vices? it is because he is yet in them—it is for a waking man to tell his dreams.

Seneca.

With pleasure let us own our errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.

PERSECUTION.

Persecution may make martyrs or hypocrites, but can never produce conviction.

Were there no bad men in the world, to vex and distress the good, these might appear in the light of harmless innocence; but they could have no opportunity of displaying fidelity, magnanimity, patience and fortitude.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most slandered; as the best fruit is usually most pecked at.

—

"The fruit upon the bough, the best and fairest,
"Will first attract the wild birds of the air,
"To feast thereon," while those again
Of less inviting aspect, all are left
To wither unmolested on the tree. *Shakspeare.*

MORAL CONDUCT.

One of the most common extremes in moral conduct, is that of placing all virtue in justice, on the one hand, or in generosity on the other.

PERSEVERANCE.

He that has the spirit of true perseverance is not apt to have bad luck.

—

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt;
Nothing so hard, but search will find it out. *Herrick.*

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again;
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear—
Try, try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try, try again,
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace
Though we may not win the race,
What should you do in this case?
Try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try again,
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
TRY, TRY AGAIN!

HAPPINESS.

True happiness is an enemy to pomp and noise.

We shall not be the happier for possessing talents and affluence, unless we make the right use of them.

The truly good mind is not discouraged by poverty, afflictions nor death.

To appear worthy of being happy, constitutes true happiness.
Pliny.

There is nothing purer than honesty; nothing sweeter than charity; nothing warmer than love; nothing richer than wisdom; nothing brighter than virtue, and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, the sweetest, the warmest, the richest, the brightest and the most steadfast happiness.

True happiness is to no place confined,
But still is found in a contented mind.

Beware what earth calls happiness: beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire. *Young.*

True happiness ne'er entered at an eye:
True happiness resides in things unseen. *Young.*

The sweetest cordial we receive at last
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past. *Denham.*

Would you true happiness attain
Let honesty your passion rein:
So live in credit and esteem,
And the good name you lost redeem. *Dryden.*

'Tis *being*, and *doing*, and *having*, that make
All the pleasures and pains of which beings partake;
To *be* what God pleases, to *do* a man's best,
And to *have* a good heart, is the way to be bless'd.
Byron's Hermit.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all
And loves o'erflowing, makes an angel here. *Young.*

No man e'er found a happy life by chance;
Or yawned it into being with a wish;
Or with the snout of groveling appetite,
E'er smet it out, and grabb'd it from the dirt. *Young.*

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
How much unhappiness must prove our lot;
A part which few possess! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a man:
Who thinks it is, shall never be a god. *Young.*

JOY.

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixd state; a tenure not a start. *Young.*

SORROW.

Sweet is the bok of sorrow when the heart truly repents.

When sorrws come, they come not single spies,
But in battlions! *Shakspeare.*

Sorrow breks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the nightmorning, and the noon-tide night.—*Shakspeare.*

But now mr sorrows long with pain supprest
Burst their confinement with impetuous sway. *Young.*

Why should we
Anticipate our sorrows? 'Tis like those
Who die for fear of death. *Denham.*

SADNESS.

Sadness is the distemper of a weak or guilty mind.

—

Never look sad—
Nothing's so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day
In a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

Long you'd not weep,
Would you but peep
At the bright side of every trial;
Fortune, you'll find,
Is often most kind,
When chilling your hopes with denial.

Let the sad day
Carry away
Its own little burdens of sorrow,
Or you may miss
Half of the bliss
That comes in the lap of to-morrow.

When hope is wreck'd,
Pause and reflect,
If error occasioned your sadness;
If it be so,
Hereafter you'll know
How to steer to the harbor of gladness.—*Bagley.*

AGRICULTURE.

Agriculture is the nursing mother of the arts. *Xenophon.*

Agriculture is the basement story of independence.

Tillage and pasturage are the two breasts of the State.
Sully.

—

Happy the man, whom bounteous gods allow

With his own hands paternal grounds to plow!
From all the cheats of law he lives secure,
Nor does the affronts of palaces endure. *Cowley.*

Thrice happy they, who plow in humble life,
Beneath the storm ambition blows. *Young.*

TIME.

Time, like the tide, waits for no man.

Time is a file that wears and makes no noise.

Time is the philosopher's balm for misfortunes.

Time never sets heavily on us but when it is badly employed.

Time is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth.

Time is like a creditor who allows an ample space to make up accounts, but is inexorable to the last.

Time gives wings of lightening to our pleasures, but feet of lead to our pains.

Time is the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition.

Every moment of lost time is a chance for future misfortune. *Bonaparte.*

Pray every day as if you thought it was the last; work every day as if you expected to live always. *Wesley.*

Time has wisdom to walk before it, opportunity with it, repentance behind it: he that has made it his friend will have little to fear from his enemies, but he that has made it his enemy will have little to expect from his friends. *Colton.*

Time wasted is existence—used is life. *Young.*

Time's use was doomed a pleasure; waste a pain. *Young.*

From old eternity's mysterious orb
Was time cut off and cast beneath the skies. *Young.*

That life is long, which answers life's great end:
The time that bears no fruit deserves no name. *Young.*

Man flies from time and time from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end. *Young.*

Where began my wanderings?
Memory will not say!
Where will rest my weary wing?
Science turns away.

Time was, is past, thou canst not it recall;
Time is, thou hast, improve the moment small;
Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.

The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
And walks with nature, and her paths are peace. *Young.*

Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them. *Shakspeare.*

Moments make minutes, minutes form the hour,
And circling hours the days and nights compose;
Days form the week, and months the weeks devour,
And to the months the year its fullness owes.
Yet moments, minutes, hours we throw away,
And heed not TIME, that wings its rapid flight;
In folly we consume the flitting day,
In lightening slumbers waste returning night
And weeks flow on, and months and seasons too,
And years are lost, as if too light to prize;
And as we older grow, alas! how few
Grow with our years more diligently wise!
And yet that life is short, we all complain
With days, weeks, months, and years all spent in vain.

MEEKNESS.

Meekness like the ship's rudder will guide us best through all the storms of life.

MEDIOCRITY.

The middle station of life seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom; poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants; and riches, upon enjoying our superfluities.

He who holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blast; the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground.
The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
His cloud-capt eminence divide;
And spread the ruin round.

Happy the man with little bless'd,
Of what his father left possess'd;
No base desires corrupt his head,
No fears disturb him in his bed. *Otway.*

For me a little cell I choose,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse;
Which soft content does best adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn. *Otway.*

FRIENDSHIP.

Be slow in choosing a friend, but slower in changing one.

False friends are worse than open enemies.

Prosperity gives us friends, but adversity tries them.

Mutual gratifications advance the pleasures of friendship.

A full purse never lacks friends.

A friend that you buy with presents may be bought from you.

A friend is never known 'till needed.

Friendship once injured is lost forever.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life.

Friendship is stronger than kindred.

A faithful friend is a strong defence.

Desolate indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to point out his faults.

True friendship will at all times avoid a careless and rough behavior.

Our good or ill fortune depends much upon the choice we make of our friends.

Virtue and mutual confidence are the soul of friendship; where these are wanting, disgust or hatred often follows little differences.

As that which glitters is discovered only by light, so true friendship is discovered only by the friendly.

Be on such terms with your friend as if you knew he would one day become your enemy. *Laberius.*

He who is his own friend, is a friend to all men. *Seneca.*

Friends are always distant from a man who is unfortunate. *Seneca.*

To have no one to whom we heartily wish well, and for whom we are warmly concerned, is the severest banishment a human being can suffer.

Freedom among friends is the foundation of friendship. *Thomas Hinde.*

As the yellow gold is tried in the fire, so the faith of friendship can only be known in the season of adversity. *Ovid.*

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is the most strongly united by the fiercest flame. *Colton*

Our friends praise our virtues, and that stimulates us to do good: our enemies censure our vices, and that stimulates us to cease evil: so it is a question, which does us the most good through life, our enemies or our friends.—P.

A true friend unbosoms freely, advises justly, assists readily, defends resolutely, adventures boldly, takes all patiently, continues a friend unchangably.

Nothing is more dangerous than an imprudent friend, it is better to have to deal with a prudent enemy. *Lafontaine.*

—

Friendship is the wine of life. *Young.*

Judge before friendship, then confide 'till death. *Young.*

All like the purchase, few the price will pay,
And this makes friends such miracles below. *Young.*

A friend is worth all hazards we can run;
Poor is the friendless master of the world,
A world in purchase of a friend is gain! *Young.*

Oh for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit of a friend. *Young.*

Not weal I mean, but wretched wo
Doth truly try the friend from foe.

Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.
Young.

Each friend by fate snatched from us, is a plume
Snatched from the wing of human vanity. *Young.*

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep. *Barnfield.*

As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, wisdom and delight;
Twins tied by nature if they part they die. *Young.*

The joys of life are heighten'd by a friend;
The woes of life are lessen'd by a friend;
In all cases of life, we by a friend
Assistance find—who'd be without a friend?
Wanderford.

For many an apostate friend hath abused unguarded confidence,
And bent to selfish ends the secret of the soul. *Tupper.*

How few there be among men who forget themselves for others!
Each one seeketh his own, and looketh on his brethren as rivals,
Masking envy with friendship, to serve his secret ends.
Tupper.

ENEMIES.

Do good to your enemy that he may become your friend.

Liberality makes friends of enemies: selfishness makes enemies of friends.

Follow the perfections of your enemies, rather than the errors of your friends.

MERCHANTS.

A merchant's happiness hangs on chance, winds and waves.

Quick returns make rich merchants.

The goods which please are already half sold.

Please the eye and pick the pocket.

RESOLUTION.

Resolution is the foundation of all enterprize.

—

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Resolves and re-resolves—then dies the same. *Young.*

MUSIC.

Music is the language of the soul.

—

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast. *Congreve.*

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. *Shakspeare.*

There is in souls a sympathy with sounds,
And as the mind is pitch'd the ear is pleas'd
With melting airs, or martial, brisk or grave;
Some chord in unison with what we hear,
Is touch'd within us, and the heart replies.
Shakspeare.

Music shall wake her, that hath pow'r to charm
Pale sickness, and avert the stings of pain;
Can raise or quell our passions, and becalm
In sweet oblivion the too wakeful sense. *Fenton.*

By music minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise
Music her soft assuasive voice applies;
Or when the soul is pressed with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,

Morpheous rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage
And giddy factions bear away their rage. *Pope.*

Music resembles poetry; in each
Are numberless graces, which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach. *Pope.*

POETRY.

Poetry is the language of passion.

—

Poets have undoubted right to claim,
If not the greatest, the most lasting name. *Congreve.*

On him confer the poets sacred name,
Whose lofty voice declares the heavenly flame. *Addison.*

Poetic fancy
Scatters from her pictured urn,
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.

It is the gift of poetry alone,
Where e'er she moves, to consecrate the place;
To breathe round nature sweets before unknown,
And shed the liveliest tints upon her face.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from Heaven to earth, from earth to Heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name. *Shakspeare.*

PAINTING.

Pictures are poems without words.

—

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour traffics with man's nature,
He is but outside: these pencill'd figures are
Even such as they give out. *Shakspeare.*

EXCELLENCE.

Such as would excel in art must excel in industry.

Excellency of character consists in being able to control ourselves under all circumstances.

—

Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly, angels could do no more. *Young.*

GENTLENESS.

Gentleness is the great avenue to mutual enjoyment.

The gentle mind is like the smooth stream, which reflects every object in its just proportion, and in its fairest colours.

Gentleness is a sort of sweet atmosphere, and it enters into a child's soul like the sun-beam into a rose-bud—slowly but surely expanding it into beauty and vigor.

—

Her might is gentleness,
She winneth sway by a soft word and a softer look;
Where she the gentle loving one hath failed,
The stern or proud might never yet succeed.

Power itself has not half the might
Of gentleness. *Leigh,*

His infant softness pleads a milder doom,
And speaks with all the eloquence of tears. *Heigh.*

MERCY.

Mercy is the price of mercy, and he that will buy mercy must give mercy.

—

He that's merciful
Unto the bad is cruel to the good. *Randolph*

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. *Shakspeare.*

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
Shakspeare.

INDUSTRY.

The best inheritance is a habit of industry.

Industry is the father of excellence.

Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.

Industry is preferable to idleness, as brightness is to rust.

Labor and pleasure were the first couple married by industry.

Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth
Finds the downy pillow hard. *Shakspeare.*

The man that consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death
And walks with nature and her paths are peace. *Young.*

The God of gods and men, with hard decrees,
Forbids our plenty to be bought with ease;
Himself invented first the shining share,
And whetted human industry with care. *Dryden.*

BUSINESS.

Business is the salt of life.

Business makes men—and tries them.

Drive thy business or thy business will drive thee.

Business whets the appetite, and gives a relish to pleasure.

Constant occupation prevents temptation.

LAW.

Laws are not made for the good. *Socrates.*

Law is a rich man's luxury and a poor man's remedy.

Law is like physic, they who take the least of it are best off.

Law is like a new fashion, the people are bewitched to get into it, and as soon desire to get out.

Law is like bad weather, those who get into it generally take the shortest method of getting out.

The guilty man fears the law; the innocent man fears only fortune.

To consult the welfare of the people is the first great law.

Where the law is uncertain there is no law.

Law and equity are two things which God hath joined, but which man hath put asunder.

In a thousand pounds of law there is not an ounce of love.

He that with injury is greiv'd,
And goes to law to be reliev'd,
Is sillier than a sottish chouse,
Who, when a theif has robb'd his house,
Applies himself to cunning men,
To help him get it back again;
When all he can expect to gain,
Is but to squander more in vain. *Hudibras.*

EQIUTY.

Every rule of equity demands
That vice and virtue from the Almighty hands
Should due rewards and punishments receive. *Jenyings.*

CONTENTION.

Contention is the child of self-conceit.

Contend not with a friend, lest thou make him thine enemy.

Religious contention is Satan's harvest.

Oppose not rage while rage is in its force,
But give it way awhile and let it waste. *Shakspeare.*

Contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,
And bears down all before him. *Shakspeare.*

REPROOF.

Reprove with soft words and hard arguments.

A smart reproof is better than smooth deceit.

Reprove mildly and correct with caution.

VOWS.

Vows made in a storm are forgotten in a calm.

The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows,
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice. *Shakspeare.*

OATHS.

It is a great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath. *Shakspeare.*

Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow! *Shakspeare.*

VARIETY.

Variety is the spice of life.

FAME.

Fame is conferred as the recompense of labor and perseverance.

From fame to infamy is a beaten road.

The thirst of fame is greater than that of virtue; for who would embrace virtue itself, if you take away its rewards.

Juvenal.

Fondness for fame is avarice of air. *Young.*

Curs'd be the man who builds his fame
Upon the ruins of another's name. *Shakspeare.*
Why all this toil for the triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies;"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.

Young.

Hence in our love of fame; a love so strong,
We think no dangers great nor labours long,
By which our beings to extend,
And to remotest times in glory to descend. *Jenyns.*

The fame that a man wins himself, is best;
That he may call his own; honours put on him
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
Which are as soon ta'en off: for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds:
So man's true fame must strike from his own deeds.

Middleton.

Nor fame I slight, nor for her favors call;
She comes unlooked for if she comes at all,
But, if the purchase cost so dear a price
As soothing folly or exalting vice;
And if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way;
Or, if no basis bear my rising name
But the fallen ruins of another's fame;
Then teach me, Heaven, to scorn the guilty bays;
Drive from my heart that wretched lust of praise.
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown,
Oh! grant me honest fame, or grant me none. *Pope.*

AFFECTATION.

Affectation is the fool's deformity.

Affectation in dress implies a flaw in the understanding.

Affectation in wisdom often prevents our being wise.

Affectation is a trap in which fools expect to catch wise men.

Men make themselves ridiculous, not so much by the qualities they have, as by the affectation of those they have not.
Colton.

SLANDER.

He who is pleased to hear slander will soon be pleased to speak it.

When men speak ill of you, live so that nobody will believe them.

Calumny and detraction are sparks, which, if you do not blow them they will go out of themselves.

Slander, that worst of passions, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds. *Harvey.*

For slander lies upon succession;
For ever housed, where it once gets possession. *Shakspeare.*

No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters. *Shakspeare.*

SCANDAL.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame:
On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die. *Havard.*

When you are tried in scandal's court,
Stand high in honour, wealth or wit,
All others who inferior sit
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground. *Swift.*

LYING.

The credit that is got by a lie, only lasts 'till the truth comes out.

A lie begets a lie, 'till they come to many generations.

A liar is a bravo towards God, and a coward towards men.

Lies, like chickens, generally go home to roost.

A liar begins by making falsehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itself appear like falsehood.

The lie that flatters I abhor the most. *Cowper.*

If a liar accuseth thee of evil, be not swift to answer;
Yea, rather give him licence for awhile; it shall help thine honour afterward. *Tupper.*

ENTHUSIASM.

It is idle as well as absurd to impose our opinions on others—for the same ground of conviction operates differently on the same man in different circumstances, and on different men in the same circumstances.

INJUSTICE.

The man who wears injustice by his side,
Tho' pow'rful millions follow him to war,
Combats against the odds—against heav'n *Havard.*

WORDS.

Good words cost nothing and are worth much.

Words are the counters of wise men, but the money of fools.

Entertain no thoughts which you would blush at in words.

Words will spontaneously offer themselves to him who has well arranged ideas on his subject. *Horace.*

A good word is an easy obligation, but not to speak ill requires only our silence, which costs nothing.

A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver. *Solomon.*

What you keep by you, you may change and mend,
But words once spoke can never be recalled. *Waller.*

Disastrous words can best disasters show,
In angry phrase the angry passions glow.
Elphinstone.

EXPERIENCE.

Experience is the mother of science.

Experience teaches a dear school but fools will learn in no other.

—

He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being try'd and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Shakspeare.

EXAMPLES.

The example of the good is visible philosophy.

Precepts may lead, but examples draw.

Every act is best taught by example.

One bad example spoils many good precepts.

Precept without example, is like a signpost: It points out the way, but does not go to show us.—P.

—

The mind imperishable and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees. *Cowper.*

ARGUMENTS.

Arguments, like pieces of money, are counted by value, not by number.—P.

—

Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes
Error a fault and truth discourtesy.

SUCCESS.

Success is the child of prudence.

Success often makes a fool appear wise.

Success gives even vice a good name.

Confidence is the companion of success.

We may be successful, and yet be disappointed.

To be moderate in our views, and to proceed temperately in the pursuit of them, is the best way to insure success.

Success makes some species of wickedness appear honorable.
Seneca.

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, if it prospers none dare call it treason.

A little less indulgence in the bed,
A little more contrivance in the head,
A little more devotion in the mind,
Will quite prevent your being so behind.

PATRONAGE.

We are accountable for whatever we patronize in others.

The conscious receiver is as guilty as the thief.

It is a secret cowardice which induces us to compliment the vices of our superiors, to applaud the libertine and laugh at the profane.

SMILES.

The smile of a friend is as sunshine in the heart.

The smiles that encourage severity of judgment, hide malice and insincerity.

A smile—who would refuse a smile,
The sorowing heart to cheer?
And turn to love the heart of guile,
And check the falling tear?
A pleasant smile for every face,

Oh! 'tis a blessed thing!
It will the line of care erase,
And spots of beauty bring.

KINDNESS.

He that will take the kindness of others, must also endure their follies.

Unkind expressions engender unkind feelings.

Unkindness has no remedy at law.

Kindness, like grain, increases by sowing.

Kindness will creep where it cannot run.

A kind heart is a fountain of piety.

SINCERITY.

Sincerity is the parent of truth.

Sincerity is the best persuasive.

Sincerity, though in error, always commends esteem.

Always distrust the sincerity of him who is profuse in promises, and seems over anxious to please.

To practise sincerity, is to speak as we think—to do as we profess—to perform what we promise—and really to be what we should seem and appear.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate:
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from guile as hell from Heaven.

Shakspeare

HUMILITY.

Humility is the grace of all virtues.

Humility is the high road to honour.

Humility and knowledge with poor apparel, excel pride and ignorance under costly attire.

The humble man, when he receives a wrong,
Refers revenge to whom it doth belong. *Waller.*

There are some that use
Humility to serve their pride, and seem
Humble upon their way, to be prouder
At their wished journey's end. *Denham.*

The bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest:
In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.

Would I had trod the humble path, and made
My industry less ambitious: the shrub
Securely grows, the tallest tree stands most
In the wind; and thus we distinguish the
Noble from the base: the noble find their
Lives and deaths still troublesome:
But humility doth sleep, whilst the storm
Grows hoarse with scolding. *Davenant.*

HARMONY.

The harmony of things
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs. *Denham.*

All-powerful harmony, that can assuage
And calm the sorrows of the phrensied wretch.
Marsh.

Soft stillness, and the night
Become ths touches of sweet harmony. *Shakspeare.*

Now the distempered mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness. *Thompson.*

ORDER.

The man of order catches and arrests the hours as they fly.

The chief rules of order are to deliberate slowly and execute promptly.

DISCORD.

Discord reduces strength to weakness.

CRITICS.

Whatever is much read will sure to be much criticised.

True criticism is not a captious but a liberal art.

Criticisms are most honest when we scan ourselves; but even then they are not most likely to be just.

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice. *Pope.*

Sooner we learn, and seldomer forget
What critics scorn, than what they highly rate. *Hughes.*

A man must serve his time at every trade
Save censure—critics all are ready made. *Byron.*

And shall we own such judgment? no—as soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June,
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff,
Believe a tattler or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
Trust in a critics judgment. *Byron.*

CENSURE.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

The failings of good men are much more published in the world than their good deeds.

Chafe not thyself about the rabble's censure:
They blame or praise, but as one leads the other.
Prowde.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,

Of loudly publishing his neighbour's name:
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born to die.

JEALOUSY.

A jealous head is soon broken.

Jealousy is the eldest bastard of spurious love.

—

Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ. *Shakspeare.*

In gentle love the sweetest joys we find—
Yet even those joys, dire jealousy molests,
And blackens each fair image in our breasts. *Littleton.*

READING.

Reading gives us other men's thoughts, thinking makes them ours.

By reading we enrich the mind, by conversation we polish it.

To read an interesting book without taking notes, is like traveling a famous road without letting the eye rest on any particular object.—P.

To read and not to understand is to persue and not to overtake.

—

Better to read a little with thought, than much with levity and quickness,
For mind is not as merchandise, which decreaseth in the using.
Tupper.

SPEAKING.

Speak what you think, but not always all you think.

Speak well of your friends, of your enemies say nothing.

Speak to God as if men heard you, and to men as if God heard you.

That never is too often spoken which is not sufficiently learned. *Seneca.*

SPEECH.

Speech is the picture of the mind.

Speech is the image of action.

Speech ventillates our intellectual fire:
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens or ornaments and whets for use. *Young.*

And speech is the body of thought, without which it were not seen. *Tupper.*

WRITING.

In the art of interesting, consists the art of writing. *Delille.*

Reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and speaking a ready man. *Bacon.*

Idea is a shadow that departeth, speech is fleeting as the wind,
Reading is an unremembered pastime; but writing is eternal.
Tupper.

It fixeth, expoundeth and disseminateth sentiment;
Chaineth up a thought, clearing it of mistery, and sending it bright into the world.
To think rightly is of knowledge, to speak fluently is of nature;
To read with profit is of care; but to write aptly is of practice.
No talent among men hath more scholars and fewer masters;
For to write is to speak beyond hearing and none stand by to explain.
To be accurate, write; to remember, write; to know thine own mind, write. *Tupper.*

Hast thou a thought upon thy brain, catch it while thou canst;
Or other thoughts shall settle there, and this shall soon take wing:
Therefore, to husband thine ideas, and give them stability and substance,

Write often for thy secret eye; so shalt thou grow wiser.
The commonest mind is full of thoughts; some worthy of the rarest;
And could it see them fairly writ would wonder at its wealth.
Tupper.

PITY.

It is the mark of a dishonest mind
Not to commiserate even the most guilty.
He, who unmov'd beholds the wretch's pains,
Is such a wretch, as may deserve no pity.
Charles Johnson.

EXCESS.

Overdoing is doing nothing to the purpose.

Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Enough is good as a feast, too much is vanity.

Whatever has exceeded its bounds is ever in a state of instability.—*Seneca.*

To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much. *Shakspeare.*

To gild refinded gold, to paint the lilly,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and rediculous excess. *Shakspeare.*

FASHION.

Fashion is the queen of fools.

Persons of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Fashion is a foolish watcher posted at the tree of knowledge,

Who plucketh its unripe fruit to pelt away the birds:
But, for its golden apples, they dry upon the boughs,
And few have the courage or wisdom to eat in spite of fashion.
Tupper.

PATRIOTISM.

To preserve the lives of the citizens is the greatest virtue in the father of his country.

The patriot's breast
No hopes, no fears, but for his country knows,
And in her danger loses private woes.
Whitehead.

For all conclusions else,
All private duties are subordinate,
To what we owe the public. Partial ties,
Of son, and father, husband, friend or brother,
Owe their enjoyments to the public safety,
And without that were vain. *Whitehead.*

WAR.

*Dulce bellum inexperto.**

War is the last reasoning of kings.

War is the duelling of nations.

One murder makes a villain; millions make a hero.

War is the destruction of the poor for the preservation of the rich.

War is to butcher men by thousands and bury them like dogs.

War makes thieves and peace hangs them.

War is the penance done by subjects for the folly of their superiors.

An unjust peace is preferable to a just war. *Socrates.*

Peace is the happy natural state of man;

* War is sweet to him who has not tried it.

War his corruption, his disgrace. *Thompson.*

The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean look'd prophets whisper fearful change;
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance a leap.
Shakspeare.

Man with his fellow-man has ever warr'd:
Terrific Discord o'er his couch has stood,
And slaughter slaked his burning thirst with blood;
Malignant Envy, of foul hell the spawn,
Has waked his slumbers long before the dawn,
And unrelenting Hate, from shore to shore,
Has made the earth to blush with human gore.
C. F. Deems.

They err who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide; to overrun
Large cities, and in the field great battles win,
Great cities by assault; what do these worthies
But rob, and spoil, burn, slaughter, and enslave
Peaceful nations? *Milton.*

WIT.

True wit is nature dressed to advantage.

Brevity is the soul of wit.

Unseasonable wit is the child of folly.

True wit is like a May-day sun; it is brilliant but does not scorch.

Wit is folly, unless a wise man has the keeping of it.

A little wit will save a fortunate man.

A little wit in company, like salt at table, makes conversation relishing; yet they must love savory bits very well, who can dine out of a salt-cellar.

In civil life,
Wit makes an enterprizer; sense, a man:
Wit hates authority; commotion lvoes,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm. *Young.*

For sure by wit is chiefly meant

Applying well what we invent.
What humour is not, all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe:
Here virtue only acts her part,
Unhelped by practice, books or art. *Swift.*

My heart would you hit,
Tip your arrow with wit,
And it comes to my heart with a twang.
I am rock to the handsome and pretty,
Can only be touched by the witty;
And beauty will ogle in vain
The way to my heart's through my brain. *Garrick.*

JESTING.

Jests, like sweet-meats, have often sour sauce.

We tell lies in a jest, that we may go to hell in earnest.

Jocular slanders often prove serious injuries.

Men may be pleased with a jester, but they never esteem him

Many are wits in jest who are fools in earnest.

A joke never gains over an enemy, but often loses a friend.

The truest jest sounds worst in guilty ears.

Use your mouth in jest as you would your eye in looking at the sun.—P.

A bitter jest is the poison of friendship.

He who cannot bear a jest, ought never to make one.

A jest is no argument, and loud laughter no demonstration.

A bitter jest when it comes too near the truth, leaves a sharp sting behind. *Tacitus.*

Joking decides great things,
Stronger and better oft than earnest can.

A jest's propriety lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it. *Shakspeare.*

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike;

They please the lively, but the grave offend,
And make a foe as often as a friend.

AMUSEMENT.

The mind ought sometimes to be amused, that it may the better return to thought, and to itself. *Phædrus.*

—

A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men.

LEVITY.

Levity is often the forced production of folly and vice.

The laughers will be for those who have the most wit: the serious for those who have most reason on their side.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness is the natural offspring of wisdom and virtue only.

Cheerfulness of countenance betokens a good heart.

DRESS.

A gaudy dress and a little mind possess the most lasting friendship with each other.—P.

Those who indulge in the splendor of dress and equipage, beyond the amount of their incomes, are truly compared to houses on fire, which shine by that which destroys them.

COQUET.

A coquet is a rose from which every lover plucks a leaf, but the thorns are left for her future husband.

—

Coquet and coy at once her air,

Both study'd, tho' both seem neglected;
Careless she is, with artful care
Affecting, to seem unaffected. *Congreve.*

FICKLENESS.

A fickle minded man is like a ship at sea without rudder or anchor; mercy and chance are his only hope.

—

He wires in and wires out
And leaves the people still in doubt,
Whether the snake that made the track
Was going ahead or coming back.

MODESTY.

Modesty is the hand-maid of virtue.

Modesty has more charms than beauty.

Modesty is the first child of wisdom.

Modesty is the chief companion of virtue.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but a guard to virtue.

Modesty and firmness are the brightest ornaments of youth.

When modesty is once extinguished, it knows not a return.
Seneca.

If we have sense, modesty best sets us off: if not, best hides the want.

Modesty, were it to be recommended for nothing else, leaves man at ease, by pretending to little; whereas vain glory requires perpetual labour to appear what one is not.

—

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.
Shakspeare.

And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence. *Shakspeare.*

The bleeding cheek, the virtue of her face,
The gentle look, coy air, and modest grace:

The fearful voice, the chaste and trembling eye,
That vies with pain the slaves that round it die,
Are female stratagems, victorious still,
The surest shafts that beauty takes to kill.

SILENCE.

Silence is the sanctuary of truth.

Silent waters are seldom shallow.

He that speaks sows, and he that is silent gathers.

Seal words with silence, and silence with opportunity.

Silence hides most of our faults and displays most of our wisdom.

To make another person hold his tongue, be you first silent.
Seneca.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply. *Colton.*

Silence is the mother of wisdom.

He who knows how to speak, knows also when to be silent.
Archimedes.

Be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech. *Shakspeare.*

Silence is the perfect herald of my joy;
I were but little happy, if I could say how much.
Shakspeare.

SOLITUDE.

Solitude is the parent of reflection.

Solitude is the prison of fools, and the paradise of wise men.

Oh! lead me to some solitary place,
And cover my retreat from human face. *Dryden.*

Solitude is sometimes best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return. *Milton.*

There is a time
For those whom wisdom and whom nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To sooth the throbbing passion into peace;
And woo love quiet in her silent walks. *Thompson.*

CONTENTMENT.

A contented mind is a continual feast.

Contentment to the mind is as light to the eye.

Contentment is the true philosopher's stone.

A contented mind is a fair fortune.

—

'Tis not the place, disgust or pleasure brings,
From our own minds our true contentment springs. *Horace.*

If sweet content is banish'd from my soul,
Life grows a burden and a weight of wo. *Gentleman.*

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find!
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold; and gripping still at more
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor. *Dryden.*

GRIEF.

It is folly to fret when grief is no comfort.

Light griefs may speak, deep sorrow's tongue is bound.
Seneca.

—

Corroding grief! how oft 'tis hid
Beneath a pleasant smile.
Oh! if we could but raise the lid,
And gaze awhile,
From hearts that seem so gay and light,
We'd shrink with horror and affright.

But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course

Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief,
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An understanding simple as unschool'd. *Shakspeare.*

Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so:
For sorrow's eye, glaz'd with binding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects:
Like perspectives, which, rightly gazed upon,
Show nothing but confusion; ey'd awry,
Distinguish form. *Shakspeare.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

Reckless youth makes rueful age.

Who follow not virtue in youth, cannot fly sin in old age.

He who spares when he is young, may spend when he is old.

The young are slaves to novelty, the old to custom.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but the harvest is reaped in age by pain. *Colton.*

Nothing can be so ridiculous or absurd, as to see an old man in his rudiments: it is for youth to acquire, and for age to employ those acquirements. *Seneca.*

The excesses of youth are drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date. *Colton.*

Youth without fire is followed by old age without experience.

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

A young man with wisdom is old among the wise.

Nature to youth hot rashness doth dispense,
But with cold prudence age doth recompense. *Denham.*

The field of combat fits the young and bold;
The solemn council best becomes the old. *Pope.*

Beshrew my jealousy!
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. *Shakspeare.*

COUNSEL.

A wise counsel is better than a great army.

A good counsel is above all price.

Many ask for counsel; but only desire approbation.

We should examine with as much care those counsels which favour our desires as those which do not—their being in our favour is no proof of their being right.

No man is so foolish, but that he may give good counsel at some time: no man so wise, but that he may err, if he take no counsel but his own.

—

For, brother, men
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give precepital medicine to rage.
Shakspeare.

'Tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under a load of sorrow;
But no man's virtue or sufficiency,
To be so moral, when he shall endure
The like himself; therefore, give me no counsel,
My griefs cry louder than advertisement. *Shakspeare.*

CARES.

Care not for what you can never possess.

Cares are considered troubles: yet none suffer so much trouble as those who have nothing to care for.—P.

—

Life's span forbids us to extend our cares
And stretch our hopes beyond our years. *Creech.*

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Shakspeare.

With equal mind, what happens, let us bear,
Nor joy, nor grieve too much for things beyond our care.
Dryden.

Life's cares are comforts; such by heaven design'd

He that has none, must make them or be wretched.
Cares are employments; and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy. *Young.*

A man too careful of danger liveth in continual torment,
But a cheerful expecter of the best hath a fountain of joy within him. *Tupper.*

CARELESNESS.

Careless watches invite vigilant foes.

Such as are careless of themselves are seldom mindful of others.—*Thales.*

NEGLECT.

A little neglect may breed great mischeif.

IDLENESS.

Idleness is the tomb of our faculties.

A young man in idleness makes an old man in need.

An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

He is idle who might be better employed.

Idleness is the sepulchre of the living man. *Anselm.*

The devil tempts all men but idle ones; they tempt the devil.

The indolent may possess but cannot enjoy.

Idleness is the refuge of weak minds, and the holy day of fools.

Idleness is the parent of want and shame.

Men by doing nothing, are led to do ill. *Cato.*

Leisure is pain, takes off our chariot wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse. *Young.*

PLEASURES.

Pleasures, while they flatter a man, often sting him to death.

Innocent pleasures persued to excess become criminal.

A pleasure is well paid for that is long expected.

Our pleasures persued to excess, prove to be the paths which lead to pain.

Where pleasure is eagerly persued, the greatest virtues will lose their power. *Cicero.*

Enjoy your present pleasures so as not to injure those which are to follow. *Seneca.*

—

Why all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.
Shakspeare.

Those violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. *Shakspeare.*

For pleasure, like revenge,
Hath ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. *Shakspeare.*

Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the path which reason shuns,
When against reason, riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense. *Young.*

FOLLY.

The folly of one man is the fortune of another.

The shortest follies are the best.

Though folly may laugh, guilt will sting.

To folly it is more greivous to be despised than to be struck.

By forming themselves on fantastic models and vieing with one another in reigning follies, the young begin with being ridiculous, and end with being vicious and immoral.

—

Our quick returning folly cancels all,

As the tide, rushing, rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smoothes the letter'd shore.
Young.

Viewed from a distance, and with heedless eyes,
Folly and innocence are so alike,
The difference, though essential, fails to strike.
Yet folly ever has a vacant stare,
A simpering countenance, and a trifling air;
But innocence, sedate, serene, erect,
Delights us, by engaging our respect. *Cowper.*

GENERATIONS.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground,
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive and successive rise:
So generations in their course decay;
So flourish these when those are passed away. *Pope.*

BOASTING.

Those who boast much fail much.

As the poorest wheel of a wagon creaks loudest, so bragging men are often the shackling parts of society.

—

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins. *Young.*

COXCOMBS.

Nature sometimes makes a fool, but a coxcomb is one of his own making.

A coxcomb begins by determining that his own profession is first; and finishes by deciding that he is the first of his profession.—*Colton.*

Some have been wounded of conceit,
And died of mere opinion straight. *Butler.*

CUSTOM.

Custom may lead a man into many errors; but it justifies none. *Fielding.*

Custom is the plague of wise men, and the idol of fools.

—

Customs,
Though they be ne'er so ridiculous,
Nay, let them be unmanly, yet are followed.
Shakspeare.

DANDIES.

Fops are ridiculous to all but themselves.

A fop is a tailor's friend and his own foe.

—

How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mein,
When big they strut behind a double chin. *Dryden.*

The fop with learning at defiance
Scoffs at the pedant and the science. *Gay.*

A dandy is a thing that would
Be a young lady if he could;
But since he can't does all he can
To let you know he's not a man.

DEPRAVITY.

The greatest misfortune is to have a depraved heart.

—

Our natures do pursue,

Like rats that ravin down their proper bane;
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.
Shakspeare

VICE.

By the vices of others learn to detest your own.

The best means to cry down another's vice, is to decline it.

Vice generally begins in mistake, and ends in ignominy.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Vice is nourished by being concealed. *Virgil.*

Vice steals into our minds under the name and guise of virtue. *Seneca.*

Vice has more martys than virtue: and it often happens that men do more to be lost than to be saved. *Colton.*

—

The gods are just and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to scourge us.

Virtue and vice are at eternal war. *Young.*

For what is vice? self-love in a mistake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear. *Young.*

I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And virtue has no tongue to check her pride. *Milton.*

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated need's but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace! *Pope.*

VICIOUSNESS.

Anxiety and fearful circumspection are the frightful visions of a vicious mind.

—

The guilty ever are most hard to pardon:

Vice makes them stubborn, haughty and remorseless:
And as their vices all centre in self love,
Soon hate what once controuls that darling passion.
Hayward.

CRUELTY.

Those who feel not another's pains, are those who enjoy not another's pleasures.

'Tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man. *Shakspeare.*

RASHNESS.

Rashness is the parent of misfortune.

Error and repentance are the companions of rashness.

REMORSE.

Remorse like a black vulture, never attacks the objects of its prey, only under adverse or helpless circumstances.

SUFFERING.

Better suffer without cause than to have cause to suffer.

He who suffers by his own fault is not to be deemed a sufferer.

WOES OF LIFE.

Scarcely an ill to human life belongs

But what our follies cause or mutual wrongs.
Jenyns.

Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings and death.
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire; where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, envenom'd passions bite,
Ravenous calamities our vitals seize,
And threatening fate wide opens to devour.

MISERY.

Little miseries, like little debts, make up in number what they want in weight.

—

Nothing is a misery,
Unless our weakness apprehend it so. *Shakspeare.*

MOURNING.

To mourn without measure is folly; not to mourn at all is insensibility.

—

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,
Is the next way to bring new mischief on.
Shakspeare.

BRAVERY.

The brave are ever tender
And feel the miseries of suffering virtue. *Martyn.*

On valour's side the odds of combat lie;
The brave live glorious, or lamented die:
The wretch who trembles in the field of fame,
Meets death, or worse than death, eternal shame. *Pope.*

The human race are sons of sorrow born:
And each must have his portion. Vulgar minds
Refuse, or crouch beneath their load: the brave
Bear theirs without repining. *Mallet.*

Boldness hath a startling strength; the mouse may fright a lion,
And oftentimes the horned herd is scared by some brave cur.
Tupper.

AVARICE.

Avarice increases with increasing fill.

The avaricious man is kind to no person but he is most unkind to himself.

Avarice and cunning may acquire an estate, but they cannot win friends.

Avarice generally miscalculates and as generally deceives.

Some men do not get estates for the purpose of enjoying life, but blinded with error, they live only for their estates.
Juvenal.

—

Man's boundless avarice exceeds,
And on his neighbours round about him feeds. *Waller.*

NOBILITY.

A man's true greatness never depends upon the glory of his ancestors.

To be of noble parentage, and not to be endowed with noble qualities, is rather defamation than a glory.

Nobility is a river that sets with a constant and undeviating current, directly into the great pacific ocean of time; but unlike all other rivers it is more grand at its source than at its termination. *Colton.*

—

To birth of office no respect he paid,
Let worth determine here. *Pope.*

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honor lies. *Pope.*

Let high birth triumph! what can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate. *Young.*

Virtue alone is true nobility:
Let your own acts immortalize your name,
'Tis poor relying on another's fame. *Stephenson.*

Nobility of blood,
Is but a glitt'ring and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
Dryden.

LUXURY.

Rich mouthfuls bring heavy groans.

The cure of luxury is poverty.

The luxurious live to eat and drink, the wise eat and drink to live.

—

Luxury leaves a sting behind,
Wounding the body and the mind,

If appetite wears reason's golden chain
It finds, in due restraint, its luxury.

Ere man has measured half his weary stage,
His luxuries have left him no reserve. *Young.*

He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
And took, too often, there his easy nap. *Cowper.*

Luxury lay straining its low thought
To form unreal wants. *Thompson.*

FASTING.

The miser fasts because he will not eat;
The poor man fasts because he has no meat;

The rich man fasts, with greedy mind to spare ;
The glutton fasts, to eat the better share ;
The hypocrite, he fasts to seem more holy ;
The righteous man, to punish sin and folly.

ELOQUENCE.

Eloquence is the language of nature.

The best eloquence is perspicuity.

Direction in speech is more than eloquence.

—

What can the fondest mother wish for, more,
Ev'n from her darling son, than solid sense,
Perceptions clear, and flowing eloquence. *Wynne.*

FREEDOM.

Restraint from ill is the best kind of freedom.

He is free who desires nothing, he a slave who covets every thing.

No man is free who cannot command himself. *Horace.*

That state alone is free which rests upon its own strength, and depends not upon the arbitrary will of another. *Livy.*

—

He that would be free,
Himself must strike the blow.

Freedom cheap and blood-bought—
Thrown away and sold. *Cowper.*

He is a freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. *Cowper.*

GLORY.

*Gloria virtutis umbra.**

Glory surviveth good men, death taketh not their crowns away.

The blaze of glory is the fire-brand of the mind.

The path that leads to glory, is never strewed with flowers.
Fontaine.

—

We rise in glory as we sink in pride. *Young.*

For what is glory but the blaze of fame? *Milton.*

Real glory
Springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.
Thompson.

Glory is like a circle in the water
Which ceaseth not to enlarge itself,
'Till, by broad spreading, it disperseth into nought.
Shakspeare.

Yet, so much bounty is in God, such grace
That who advance his glory, not their own,
Them he himself to glory will advance. *Milton.*

———

LIBERTY.

Lean liberty is better than fat slavery.

Where there is no liberty, life has no relish.

Too much liberty is productive of greater evils than too little.

—

When liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish. *Addison.*

A day, an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity of bondage. *Addison.*

'Tis liberty alone that makes life dear:
He does not live at all, who lives in fear. *Hill.*

Oh! give me liberty!
For were ev'n Paradise itself my prison,
Still I should long to leap the chrystal walls. *Dryden.*

* Glory is the shadow of virtue.

Oh liberty! thou goddess heavenly bright!
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads the wanton train.
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight:
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Addison.

'Tis liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eyesight of discov'ry, and begets
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind. *Cowper.*

FORTUNE.

Audaces fortuna juvat timidos que repellit.

More fortunes are made by saving, than gaining.

Abundance is a trouble, but competency brings delight.

Fortune can take nothing from us but what she gave.

Gathering riches is a pleasant torment.

Pay not to fortune the regard you owe to merit.

Fortune often makes a feast and then takes away the appetite.

Fortune often favours in one place to destroy in another.

Men who are rich and avaricious, drown themselves in a spring which might have watered all around them.

Fortune is the guardian divinity of fools.

A great fortune is a great slavery. *Seneca.*

Fortune is made of glass, when she shines she is broken.
Cyrus.

It is not the abundance of meat that nourishes, but a good digestion; neither is it abundance of wealth that makes us happy, but the discreet use of it.

Fortune a goddess is to fools alone;
The wise are always master of their own, *Dryden.*

No smiles of fortune ever bless the bad
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joy. *Young.*

Fortune sometime assumes a rugged brow,
But to endear her smiles, and make the turn
More welcome to us, as 'tis unexpected—
How sweet is rest after a toilsome day!
How pleasant light after a length of darkness!
How relishing good fortune after ill! *Havard.*

What numbers once in fortune's lap high fed
Solicit the cold hand of charity. *Young.*

If thou art rich thou art poor:
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee, *Shakspeare.*

Will fortune never come with both hands full
But write her fair words in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—
Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,
That have abundance, and enjoy it not. *Shakspeare.*

Fortune is famous for her numbers slain:
The numbers small which happiness can bear.
Though various for a while their fates; at last
One course involves them all; at death's approach
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn in just proportion to their store. *Young.*

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted—all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries:
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves
Or loose our ventures. *Shakspeare.*

She flutt'ring up and down, her favour throws
On the next met, nor minding what she does,
Nor why, nor whom she helps or injures, knows.
Sometimes she smiles, then like a fury raves,
And seldom truly loves but fools or knaves.
Buckingham.

RICHES.

Riches are but ciphers: it is the mind that makes the sum.

There is no real use of riches, except in the distribution; the rest is all conceit.

Riches are hard to gain, still harder to be kept.

He makes the best use of riches, who has the smallest share of personal wants. *Seneca.*

He that has little and wants less, is richer than he that has much and wants more. *Colton.*

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress, what splendid misery.

Riches are oft by guilt or baseness earn'd
Or dealt by chance to shield a lucky knave.
Armstrong.

Rich men should transcend the poor
As clouds th' earth; rais'd by the comfort of
The sun, to water dry and barren grounds. *Tourneur.*

PURSE.

A full purse makes a bold countenance.

Wrinkled purses makes wrinkled faces.

The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of her husband's purse.

INCOMES.

Our incomes should be like our shoes, if too small, they gall and pinch us, but if too large, they will cause us to stumble and trip. *Colton.*

POVERTY.

Poverty is the mother of the arts.

Not he that has little, but he that desires much, is poor.

Where the mind is poor, nothing is rich.

Poverty craves many things, but avarice more.

Poverty is a daugerous oounsellor.

Poverty never makes tyrants.

Poverty is a self instructing virtue.

It is better to live on a little than to outlive a great deal.

—

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. *Shakspeare.*

LOVE.

Love is the root of virtue.

The way to be loved is to deserve it.

Love is a delightful insanity.

Love, and love only, is the love of love.

In love the heart is often at war with the head.

Unlawful love generally ends in bitterness.

The quarrel of lovers is the renewal of love. *Terence.*

—

True love strikes root in reason, passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life. *Young.*

For I must love, and am resolved to try
My fate, or failing in the adventure die. *Dryden.*

Love's feelings are more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of coded snails.
Shakspeare.

Can you imagine I so mean could prove
To save my life by changing of my love. *Dryden.*

Love cannot like the wind, itself convey
To fill two sails, though both are spread one way.
Howard.

Love that would all men just and temperate make,
Kind to themselves and others for his sake. *Waller.*

Love courses swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power.
Shakspeare.

Oh! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're beloved.
Shakspeare.

Onsets in love seem best like those in war.
Fierce, resolute and done with all the force. *Tate.*

A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind:
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound.
Shakspeare.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove
And men below, and heaven above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love. *Scott.*

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Shakspeare.

The love where death has set his seal,
No age can chill, nor revels steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind.
Shakspeare.

Oh woman's love! at times it may
Seem cold and clouded, but it burns
With true, undeviating ray,
And never from its idol turns. *Craly*

Oh! the heart that has truly loved n'er forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sun-flower turns to her god when he sets
The same look that she turned when he rose. *Moore.*

When I loved you, I can but confess,
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it. *Moore.*

Oh! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day;
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away! *Shakspeare.*

All true lovers are;
Unstained and skittish in all motions else,
Save, in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. *Shakspeare.*

Love is a smoke rais'd with the fume of sighs;
Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lover's tears;
What is it else! a madness most discreet,
A choking gull, and a preserving sweet. *Shakspeare.*

In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not: love refines
The thought the heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason, and is judicious. *Milton.*

And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So love is perjur'd every where. *Shakspeare.*

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
Oh! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity. *Shakspeare.*

Tell this youth what 'tis to love,
It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
It is to be all made of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance. *Shakpeare.*

They tell me love is a fickle thing,
Forever flitting on the wing;
But I have tried the love of one,
And proved him faithful as the sun;
Long years of sorrow, years of pain,
Have failed to sever love's bright chain.
I know love's chain is wreathed in flowers,
That bloom through life's most clouded hours;
That it can bind two hearts in one,
As true and constant as the sun,

And death who rules o'er earth and main,
Alone can sever love's bright chain. *Miss Thompson.*

Love, various minds, does variously inspire;
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altar laid:
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade:
A fire which every windy passion blows,
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
Dryden.

DEATH.

He who fears death has already lost the life he covets.
Cato.

Death is deaf and hears no petition.

There is no medicine against death.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life hath made so.

Death is the last boundary of human affairs. *Horace.*

Death alone confesses how weak and feeble is the body of man.
Juvenal.

He is greedy of life, who is not willing to die when the world is perishing around him. *Seneca.*

An honorable death is better than an inglorious life.
Socrates.

Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never sat. *Young.*

Man's death
Inhabits all things but the thoughts of man. *Young.*

Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
The King of Terrors is the Prince of Peace. *Young.*

And what is it to die? 'Tis to begin
The glorious journey of the human soul
Towards infinite perfection.

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies. *Shakspeare.*

Death has no dread but what frail life imparts;
Nor life, true joy, but what kind death improves.
Young.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Young.

Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
* * Death is the crown of life:
Death wounds to cure. *Young.*

Imagination's fool and error's wretch,
Man makes a death which nature never made:
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one. *Young.*

Death is the worst; a fate which all must try,
And for our country 'tis a bliss to die.
The gallant man, though slain in fight he be,
Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free. *Pope.*

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds. *Dryden.*

Death! great proprietor of all! 'Tis thine
To tread out empires and quench the stars. *Young.*

It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. *Shakspeare.*

Death loves to strike
Where deepest he can wound;
And deepest loss his shafts inflict.
Is not the number but the man.

Now sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief. *Dryden.*

All should be prophets to themselves; forsee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The thought of death the fear destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it on a precipice,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost forever. *Young.*

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which, while it execrates, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.

As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance and the flock's defence:
By the strong strokes of labouring winds subdued,
Loud groans her last, and rushing from her height
In cumberous ruin thunders to the ground:
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream and distant dale resound. *Young.*

DESOLATION.

Earthly things
Are but the transient pageant of an hour;
And earthly pride is like the passing flower
That springs to fall, and blossoms but to die.

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains,
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
Yea, the great globe itself with all which it inhabits,
Shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind. *Shakspeare.*

We are passing away, we are passing away,
To a visionless slumber, and a couch of clay;
Like the light of the stars before the sun,
We are fading and vanishing, one by one;
Like twilight hues of a summer's day,
We are passing away, we are passing away.

ZEAL.

Zeal, without knowledge, is like powder without lead; it flashes and sounds but does no execution. P.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be a zeal unto good: Touch not the ark with unclean hands, yea, though it seem to totter.

There are evil who work good, and there are good who work evil,
And foolish backers of wisdom have brought on her many reproaches. *Tupper.*

Let the cool streams of prudence temper the hot spring of zeal,
So shalt thou gain thine honorable end, nor lose the midway prize,
So shall thy life be useful, and thy young heart happy. *Tupper.*

DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS.*

Very few men, properly speaking, live at present, but all are providing to live at another time.

—

Man ever is to be,
But is never blessed. *Young.*

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
"And sieze the pleasures of the present day."
"Live while you live," the sacred preacher cries,
"And give to God each moment as it flies."
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live in thee. *Dodridge.*

LIVING.

If you live according to the dictates of nature, you never will be poor; if according to the world's caprice you never will be rich. *Seneca.*

—

Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich. *Young.*

---

* Live while you live.

LOVE OF LIFE.

Our care should not be so much to live long, as to have lived enough. *Seneca.*

As length of life is denied to us, we should at least do something to show that we have lived. *Cicero.*

—

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground:
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years,
So much that in our latter stages,
The greatest love of life appears.

LIFE.

Our life is nothing but our death begun
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.

He that is born is listed; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. *Young.*

Life speds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
Young.

LONGEVITY.

The shortest life is long enough if it leads to a better: and the longest life too short if it does not.

—

Absurd longevity! more, more it cries;
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.
Young.

That life is long which answers life's great end:
The time which bears no fruit deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years. *Young.*

QUALIFICATIONS.

Moral Philosophy makes the honest man;
Natural Philosophy makes the ingenious man;
History, the man of experience;
Poesy, the man of wit;
Rhetoric, the eloquent man;
Polite learning sheds a diffusive grace and ornament upon all kinds of literature.
The knowledge of the world constitutes the intelligent man.
The study of the sacred pages forms the good man.
But, *all* these must go together to make the perfect, complete gentleman.

NATURE.

Nature is the chart of God, mapping out all his attributes.
Tupper.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul;
That changed thro' all, and yet thro' all the same,
Great in the earth as in th' etherial frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, and operates unspent. *Pope.*

See thro' this air, this ocean and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below;
Vast chain of being! which from God began,
Nature etherial, human, angel, man:
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach, from infinite to thee,
From thee to infinite. *Pope.*

Thousands of suns beyond each other blaze
Orbs roll o'er orbs, and glow with mutual blaze.
Jenyns.

GOD.

Take God from nature, nothing great is left;
Man's heart is in a pit, and nothing sees;
Man's heart is in the jakes, and loves the mire. *Young.*

We need not soar above the skies,
Leave stars and suns below,
To seek thee with unclouded eyes
In all that angels know:
The very breath we here inhale,
The pulse in every heart
Attest with force that cannot fail,
Thou art—Oh God! thou art! *Stocton.*

Yes every pin in nature's frame,
Makes but some letter of his name:
Around the earth, across the sky,
There's not a spot, or deep, or high,
Where the creator hath not trod,
And left the footsteps of a God.

He summons into being with like ease,
A whole creation and a single grain. *Young.*

Who sees with equal eye as God of all,
A hero perish and a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruins hurled,
And now a bubble burst—and now a world. *Pope.*

Oh! may my understanding read
This glorious volume which thy wisdom's made!
May sea, and land, and earth and heav'n be joined,
To bring th' eternal author to my mind!
When oceans roar, and awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance, shake my soul!
When earth's in bloom and planets proudly shine
Adore, my heart, the majesty divine!

Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd forever
From side to side, can rest on nought but THEE;
Here in full trust, hereafter in full joy. *Young.*

His presence fills the highest Heaven
With its supreme delight,
And from his dazzling throne is given
The glory of its light.
Creation quakes beneath his frown,
Worlds fly before his nod;
The boundless universe must own
The presence of its God. *C. F. Deems.*

IMMORTALITY.

Oh! listen man,
A voice within thee speaks that startling word,
Man, thou shalt never die! *Dana.*

In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heaven's signet stamping an immortal make. *Young.*

Why happiness persued yet never found?
Man's thirst for happiness declares it is;
That thirst unquenched declares it is not here. *Young.*

Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the sceptic in his head the lie. *Young.*

'Tis immortality your nature solves;
'Tis immortality deciphers man,
And opens all the misteries of his make.
Without it, half his instincts are a riddle;
Without it all his virtues are a dream. *Young.*

Consider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible all, and all is great;
A chrystaline transparency prevails
And strikes full lustre through the human sphere:
Consider man as mortal, all is dark
And wretched; reason weeps at the survey. *Young.*

Can it be?
Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?
Above the nobler, shall the noble rise?
Shall man alone for whom all else revives
No resurrection know? shall man alone
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd death's single unredeemed. *Young.*

PRIDE.

Pride is the first born of self-ingorance.

Pride is a louder beggar than want, and much more saucy.

Proud looks lose hearts, but courteous words win them.

Likeness begets love, and yet proud men hate one another.

Pride in beauty is like a flaw in a diamond.

Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt.

Pride of heart foreruns destruction.

Pride makes youth inglorious, and age shameful.

Pride may climb high, but its fall will be the greater.

Pride hides our faults and magnifies the faults of others.

Pride, perceiving humility honorable, often borrows her cloak.

When a proud man hears another praised, he thinks himself injured.

If pride were an art, the world would be full of teachers.

Anxiety and constraint are the constant attendants of pride.

Pride and self-sufficiency stifle sentiments of dependence on our Creator.

There is a paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from being so. *Colton.*

For pride is a pleasant meteor, flitting on the marshes of corruption,
That will lure thee forward to thy death, if thou seek to track it to its source:
Pride is a gloomy bow, arching the infernal firmament,
That will lead thee on, if thou will hunt it, even to the dwelling of despair. *Tupper.*

Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride: for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.
Shakspeare.

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can
These little things are great to little man. *Goldsmith.*

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of pride.

For as in bodies, so in souls we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with mind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense. *Pope.*

VANITY.

Vanity is the parent of shame.

Vanity is the vice of fools and subject to disappointments.

The work of vanity is to seek the praise of all men, its reward is to gain their abuse.—P.

A vain man will imitate what a proud man disdains.

Vanity renders beauty contemptible.

Vanity is the natural weakness of a distempered mind.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools
That vanity's the vice of fools. *Swift.*

Oh! the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrble when gone.
Gone? they never go: when past they haunt us still.
Young.

ARROGANCE.

Arrogance is a weed which grows mostly on a dunghill.

TYRANNY.

To tyranize where there can be no resistance, is the extreme of baseness.

Proud, impatient,
Fond of false glory, of the savage powe'r

Of ruling without reason, of confounding
Just and unjust by an unbounded will;
By whom religion, honour all the bands
That ought to hold the jarring world in peace,
Were held the tricks of state, snares of wise princes,
To draw their easy neighbours to destruction. *Rowe.*

SELF-PRAISE.

Self-exaltation is the fool's paradise.

The more a man speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear others spoken of.

SELFISHNESS.

He is a slave to the greatest of slaves, who serves none but himself.

Self-conceit is the attendant of ignorance.

Oh! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters. *Shakspeare.*

SELF-LOVE.

Self-love is the mother of vanity.

Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and passion to restrain:
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move and govern all. *Pope.*

For lo, that world is wide, a huge and crowded continent,
Its brazen sun is mammon, and its iron soul is care.
A world full of men, where each man changeth to his idol;

A world full of men where each man cherisheth his sorrow;
A world full of men, multitude shoaling upon multitude,
A surging sea, where every wave is burdened with an argossy of self,
A boundless beach, where every stone is a separate microscopic world,
A forest of innumerable trees, where every root is independent.
Tupper.

CONVERSATION.

Conversation is the breath of the intellect.

Conversation is the music of the mind.

Reciprocation is the life of conversation.

Confidence contributes more to conversation than wit or talent.

Converse so as to please others, and not in order to please yourself

The great secret of good conversation is to combine the useful with the pleasant.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humor, and the last wit.

In conversation, avoid the extremes of petulance and reserve.
Cato.

Let thy discourse be such, that thou mayest give
Profit to others, or from them receive. *Denham.*

Thought, too, declined is more possess'd:
Teaching, we learn; and giving we retain.
The births of intelect; when dumb, forgot. *Young.*

POLITENESS.

Politeness is the just medium between ceremony and rudeness.

Politeness is the expression of social virtues.

The politeness of the world has the same resemblance to benevolence, that a shadow has to the substance.

True politeness is to the gentleman, what religion is to the christian; always prefering others to ourselves. *Hank.*

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address and graceful conversation.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

DILIGENCE.

Diligence is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

Distress and difficulty are the spurs of diligence.

Diligence is the parent of science and success.

The roughness found on our entrance into the paths of virtue and learning, by diligence are made to grow smoother as we advance.

ECONOMY.

Good order in our affairs, not mean savings, produces great profits.

Some spare at the spigot and let out at the bunghole.

Economy is of itself a great revenue. *Cicero.*

Spend not where you may save; spare not where you must spend.

Economy is no disgrace; it is better to live on a little than to outlive a greatdeal.

Economy is a virtue of selection; she saves here in order to spend there; she knows that a man cannot have every thing, she therefore chooses the best.

INTEGRITY.

Integrity is our best defence against the evils of life.

Integrity and hope are the sure palliatives of sorrow.

As a circle of fire secures the traveler from the ravages of wild beasts, so integrity secures us from the mouth of slander.—P.

FIRMNESS.

*Basis virtutum constantia.**

Without firmness nothing that is great can be undertaken, nothing that is difficult or hazardous accomplished.

SELF-GOVERNMENT.

Though self-government produces some uneasness, it is light, when compared with the pain of vicious indulgence.

May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away.

REBUKES.

Rebukes should be in soft words but hard arguments.

He that is conscious of deserving a rebuke seldom dares to make a reply.

PASSION.

Passion is the drunkness of the mind, and supersedes the working of reason.

* ... is the foundation of ...

Passion, is a fever in the soul, and leaves it weaker than it found it.

Short passions beget long repentance.

Passion should be cured by prudence.

Passion is the enemy of truth.

Passion makes fools of the wise, and shows the folly of the foolish.

Passion evaporates by words, as grief does by tears.

He that shows his passion tells his enemies where to hit him.

An iritable and passionate man is the worst of drunkards.

No man is master of himself, that is a slave to his passions.

Our passions are the storms and tempests of our moral world.

Strong as our passions are, they may be starved into submission, and conquered without being killed.

We ought to distrust our passions, even when they appear the most reasonable.

An infaliable way to make a child miserable, is to undertake to satisfy all its desires—passion swells by gratification; and the impossibility of satisfying every one of his desires, will oblige us to stop short after the child has become headstrong.—P.

—

Stay the sudden gusts of passion,
That hurry you away. *Rowe.*

Slaves to our passions we become, and then
It becomes impossible to govern men. *Waller.*

Sometimes a passion seems to operate
Almost in contradiction to itself. *Shirley.*

The passions are a numerous crowd,
Imperious, positive and loud—
Curb the licentious sons of stripe;
Hence, chiefly, rise the storms of life;
If they grow mutinous, and rave,
They are thy masters, thou their slave.
How terrible is passion! how our reason
Falls down before it! whilst the tortur'd frames
Like a ship dashed by fierce encount'ring tides,
And of the pilot spoil'd drives round and round,
The sport of wind and wave. *Baseford.*

QUARRELS.

Quarrels are easily begun, but with difficulty ended.

Where one will not, two cannot quarrel.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel, than to revenge it afterwards.

A tart reply, a proneness to rebuke, a captious and contradictuous spirit, will embitter domestic life, and sever the best friends.

In most quarrels there is fault on both sides; for quarrels are like sparks of fire, the flint as well as the steel is necessary to its production.

A little spark becomes a raging flame,
And each weak blast a storm, too fierce to tame;
So peevish is the quarrelsome disease
No prosperous fortune can procure it ease.

There is plenty of room for a peaceable man in the most thronged assembly;
But a quarrelsome spirit it straitened in the open field.—*Tupper.*

ANGER.

To be angry is to punish myself for the faults of another.

Anger is like the rain which breaks itself upon what it falls.

Anger begins with folly and ends with repentance.

An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.—*Cato.*

Anger and haste hinder much good counsel.

Before you give way to anger, try to find a reason for not being angry.

He who will be angry for anything will be angry for nothing.

Let your anger set with the sun but not rise with it.

Anger may glance into the bosom of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of a fool. *Clarke.*

An angry man who suppresses his passions, thinks more than he speaks; and an angry man that will chide, speaks more than he thinks.

An angry man is again angry with himself, when he returns to reason. *Syrus.*

To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tries him. *Shakspeare.*

DISPUTING.

When in the heat of dispute, I yield to my antagonist, my victory over myself is more illustrious than over him, had he yielded to me.

He that disputes for victory instead of truth is like the dog that lay on the hay; not being able to eat it himself, he would not let the ox eat it.—P.

POSITIVNESS.

Positive men are most often in error.

To be too sternly right is to be wrong.

Positiveness is one most certain mark of a weak judgment.

To maintain opinions stiffly is no evidence of their truth, or of our moderation.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible—if you are in the right it lessens your triumph—if you are in the wrong it adds shame to your defeat.

BIGOTRY.

Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with the ghost.

—

While bigotry with well-dissembled fears,
His eyes shut fast, his fingers in his ears,

Pretends a zeal for godliness and grace
And spits abhorence in the Christian's face. *Cowper.*

All these were damned for bigotry, were damned
Because they thought, that they alone served God:
And served him most, when most they disobey'd.—*Pollock.*

O, cursed Bigotry! Of Ignorance
Begot, her daughter, persecution walked
The earth from age to age and drank the blood
Of saints, with horrid relish drank the blood
Of God's peculiar children, and was drunk
And in her drudkness dreamed of doing good.—*Pollock.*

HERETICS.

An evil heart can make any doctrine heretical.

REVENGE.

The sweetest revenge is to prosper in the sight of an enemy.
P.

Revenge may gratify a malignant feeling, but cannot repair an injury.

Revenge, however sweet, always costs more than it is worth.

The revengeful man wilfully keeps his wounds open.

Revenge is the luxury of a weak and pitiful mind.
Juvanal.

Revenge is a fever in our blood, to be cured only by letting the blood of another. *Colton.*

By revenging an injury, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is his superior.

The best revenge is to reform our enemies;
Then time crowns sorrows, and sorrows sweeten times.

Torture him with thy softness,
Nor till thy prayers are answered set him free.—*Otway.*

RECKLESSNESS.

Recklessness of mind, is like a whirlpool, and disqualifies, both for the enjoyment of peace, and the performance of our duty.

Reckless youth makes rueful age.

Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more!" the glutton cries: for something new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will descend. *Young.*

FAUTLTS.

By the faults of others, wise men correct their own.

Small faults indulged, are little thieves to let in greater.

A fault once concealed is twice committed.

Those who are most faulty are most prone to find faults in others.

He who relates the faults of others to you, often desires to relate your faults to others.

If nobody takes notice of our faults, we easily forget them ourselves.

For as no man is born without faults, the best is he who has the fewest. *Horace.*

Dare to be true; no fault can need a lie:
The fault that needs it worse grows two thereby.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stranger errors blind.

ANXIETY.

Anxiety is the poison of life.

He that lives anxiously in a world of doubt, should expect to live miserably in a world of disappointments. P.

CRIME.

He confesses his crime who flies from judgment.

He, who overlooks one crime, invites the commission of another. *Syrus.*

He who strictly intends a crime has all the guilt of the deed. *Juvenal.*

He orders the commission of a crime, who does not forbid it when in his power. *Seneca.*

Crimes which we are compelled to commit are not our crimes.

GUILT.

A guilty conscience generally carries a blushing countenance.

Upon the eyeballs murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world. *Shakspeare.*

Guilt hears appall'd with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not on the guilty head
Descends the fated flash. *Thompson.*

Man smiles in ruin, glorious in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise. *Young.*

Where the heart joins not, the outward acts defile not.

RESTLESNESS.

Restlesness is the companion of errror, against which the doors of true wisdom are strongly barrred.

PHYSICIANS.

If you need a physician, employ these three—a cheerful mind, rest and a temperate diet.

—

The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustained the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pampered race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure an exercise depend:
God never made his works for man to mend.

MEDICINE.

Industry and temperance are the best medicine.

Bitter pills may have blessed effects.

HEALTH.

He that wants health wants every thing.

HYPOCRISY.

Dissembled holiness is double iniquity.

Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue.

A hypocrite pays tribute to God, that he may impose on men.

A hypocrite is like one running backwards; his face is turned towards good, but his movements towards evil.—P.

—

Honey in his mouth, words of milk,

Gall in his heart, fraud in his acts.

In smooth dissimulation, skilled to grace
A devil's purpose with an angel's face. *Cowper.*

He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in. *Pollock.*

The devil can cite scripture for his purpose,
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart;
Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
Shakspeare.

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture
Tell them--that God bids us to do good for evil;
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy writ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.
Shakspeare.

FANATICISM.

Fanatics, by an improper zeal, explode their own tenets.

—

For sometimes heaven will aid the madly blind
To pull upon themselves their own destruction.

——O, the lover may
Distrust that look which steals his soul away;—
The babe may cease to think that it can play
With heaven's rainbow;--Alchymist's may doubt
The shining gold their crucible gives out;
But Faith, *fanatic faith*, once wedded fast
To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last. *Moore.*

HASTE.

Hasty conclusions bring long repentance.

Hasty men never want wo.

Attempt not too hastily, nor persue too eagerly.

Haste makes waste, and waste makes want.

Hasty climbers have sudden falls.

EXCITEMENT.

Weak minds are ruffled by trifling things.

As little pots are easily made to boil over, so little minds are easily thrown into great excitement.—P.

CERTAINTY.

Certainty, even on distrustful occasions, is sometimes more agreeable than suspense.

PRINCIPLE.

Poison in the blood is better than poison in the principle.

To be faithful among the faithless, argues the greatest strength of principle.

The man that's resolute and just,
Firm to his principles and trust,
Nor hopes nor fears can bind. *Walsh.*

INVENTION.

Invention is the child of necessity.

The invention all admired, and each, how he

To be the inventor miss'd, so easy it seem'd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible. *Milton.*

DEPENDENCE.

Men, like links in a chain, all depend on each other.

—

God never made an independent man,
'Twould jar the concord of his general plan.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude dries up the fountain of benevolence.

—

If there be a crime
Of deeper dye than all the guilty train
Of human vices, 'tis ingratitude. *T. Franklin.*

Ah, me! how oft does goodness wound itself,
And sweet affection prove the spring of wo.
Shakspeare.

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Tou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude. *Shakspeare.*

DESPAIR.

Despair blunts the edge of industry.

—

For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;

Who marks the washing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will, in his brinish bowels, swallow him.
Shakspeare

DESPONDENCY.

There be three rivers of despondency: sin, sorrow, fear;
Sin is the deepest, sorrow hath its shallows, and fear is a noisy rapid. *Tupper.*

Desponding fear of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loses every power. *Thompson.*

I am ashes where once I was fire,
And the bard of my bosom is dead:
What I loved I now merely admire,
And my heart is as grey as my head. *Byron.*

There's nothing in the world can make me joy:
Life is as tedious as a twice told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Shakspeare.*

LUST.

When the heart is full of lust, the mouth is full of lies.

—

Capricious, wanton, bold and brutal lust
Is meanly selfish; when resisted, cruel;
And like the blast of pestilential winds,
Taints the sweet bloom of nature's fairest forms.
Milton.

ADVICE.

Advice is mostly free, especially from those least prepared to give it.

Advise not what is most pleasant but what is most useful.

Advice is thrown away where the case admits no counsel.

Many ask advice, who only seek approbation.

When things go ill, each fool presumes to advise,
And if more happy, thinks himself more wise;
All wretchedly deplore the present state,
And that advice seems best which comes too late.

Sedley.

FLATTERY.

Flattery is the most successful weapon.

Flattery is friendship in flowers but not in fruit.

Of all flatterers, self-love is the greatest.

The discourse of a flatterer is a rope of honey.

Wherever there is flattery, there is sure to be a fool.

When flatterers meet, Satan goes to dinner.

Flattery is like an empty tomb, on which is inscribed friendship.

Flattery is a poison, which makes every one sick but the one who swallows it.

If we did not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others could do us no harm. *Bouhours.*

The skilful class of flatterers praise the discourse of the ignorant, and the face of the deformed. *Juvenal.*

Flattery is best received second-handed; as the light of the sun is the most pleasant when reflected by the moon.

Colton.

The flatterer must act the very reverse to the physician, and administer the strongest doses only to the weakest patient.

Colton.

Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery. *Barnfield.*

Of all wild beasts, preserve me from a tyrant,
And of all tame, a flatterer. *Johnson.*

There liveth not one among a million who is proof against the charm of liberality,
And flattery, that boon of praise, hath power with the wisest.
Tupper.

FEAR.

Pedibus timor addit alas.

He that makes others fear him, has reason to fear them.

Fear is often concealed by a show of daring. *Lucan.*

It is idle to dread that which you cannot avoid. *Syrus.*

—

He'll out dare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frighted out of fear: and in that mood,
The dove will peck the ostridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restore his heart: when valour preys on reason.
It eats the sword it fights with. *Shakspeare.*

COMPLAINING.

He that desires to complain will never want excuse.

He that has many complaints has no pity.

—

Murmurs rise with mix'd applause
Just as they favour or dislike the cause. *Dryden.*

DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is a continual assault upon a man's own life.

Drunkenness is a pair of spectacles to see the devil through.

Temptation tampers with every body, but he that takes strong drink tampers with temptation.

Insensibility is the companion of drunkenness.

Mad drunkenness discloses every secret. *Virgil.*

When wine goes in wisdom goes out.

Wine and youth are fire upon fire.

Drunkenness impairs the understanding; wastes the estate; destroys reputation; consumes the body; and renders a man of the brightest parts a common jest of the meanest clown.

Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves a beast in his room.

Drunkenness is a bewitching devil, a pleasant poison, and a sweet sin. *Augustine.*

'Tis an image debased from its fashion divine:
The form of an angel, but the heart of a swine.

Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebelious liquors to my blood.

Shakspeare.

Of all the fools by heaven cursed,
The impious drunkard surely is the worst:
In vain we seek for fools more void of sense,
Or deeper sunk in stupid ignorance.
No beast that walks the plain, or bird that flies,
Does so imprudent act or so unwise.
The poor, the dull, yea, the despised ass,
In wisdom doth the drunkard far surpass;
He drinks no more when nature's satisfied,
But leaves the stream along the vale to glide;
But drunkards, of inferior sense will drink,
'Till they can scarcely walk, or talk, or think,
What sin will not a drunkard then commit,
While in this vile intoxicated fit?
Satan can rule him then with easy sway,
And guide him as he pleases on his way.
His health, his wealth, his character and time,
Are all destroyed with this atrocious crime.
We censure thieves who into houses creep,
To rob their neighbours while they are asleep;
But of all the thieves, the drunkard if we view,

Is far the worst of this degenerate crew:
The unfeeling wretch, in drink does so delight,
He robs his wife and children of their right,
To purchase poison in the flowing bowl,
Which brings them all to want, and damns his soul.

GAMING.

Gaming is the child of avarice and the parent of prodigality.

The great art of life is to play for much and stake little.

Gaming like quick sands may swallow a man up in a moment.

A good man will love himself too well to lose, and his neighbour too well to win, an estate by gaming.

TEMPER.

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

TONGUE.

Confine your tongue, or your tongue may confine you.

Give your tongue more holy-day than your hands or eyes.

Many have suffered by talking but few by silence.

The tongue is like a race horse, which runs the faster the less weight it carries.

Many have fallen by the edge of the sword, but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.

ACTIONS.

Man's actions are the tongue of his heart.

Actions teach with more certainty than words.

—

Our actions are our own; their secret consequence
Belongs to Heaven. The secret consciousness
Of duty well perform'd; the public voice
Of praise that honours virtue and rewards it,
All these are yours. *Francis.*

PREJUDICE.

Prejudice always puts out one eye.

—

A man convinced against his will
Holds to the same opinion still.

PROMISES.

He who promiseth runs in debt.

Great promises have lame conclusions.

The man who is most slow in promising is most sure to keep his word. *Rousseau.*

TEMPTATION.

He who avoids temptation avoids sin.

It is easier to resist temptation than to conquer it.

When we are tempted we should blame the devil, but when we yield we should blame ourselves.

'Tis one thing to be tempted
Another thing to fall. *Shakspeare.*

To shun allurements is not hard,
To minds resolv'd, forewarn'd and well prepar'd.

TITLES.

Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title, lies. *Young.*

SLEEP.

A quiet sleep is misfortune's most ready balm.

The sleep of a laborer is sweeter than that of an idle prince.

The more we sleep the less we live.

Do not omit the heavy offer of sleep;
It seldom visits sorrow: when it doth,
It is a comforter. *Shakspeare.*

Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages. *Cowley.*

Now strike the golded lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain:
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder,
Dryden.

All nature sleeps, lull'd by the murmuring rills,
And guarded by those dim old forest trees,
The ghosts of buried ages—fancy sees
In each the vet'ran of a race gone by. *John T. Brame.*

NECESSITY.

Necessity is the mother of invention.

Where necessity pinches, boldness is prudence.

Necessity, by an equal law, takes the highest and the lowest.
Horace.

INDEPENDENCE.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

Could men but know
The blessings which from independence flow,
Could they but have a short and transient gleam
Of liberty, tho' 'twas but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But once made freemen, would be always free.
Churchil.

CAUTION.

Caution is the parent of safety.

The season of caution is past when we are in the midst of evils. *Seneca.*

Distrustful sense in modest caution speaks;
But rattling nonsense in full volley breaks.

ERROR.

Men err; fiends only make a mock at goodness.

From the errors of others, a wise man corrects his own.
Syrus.

Errors like straws upon the surface flow:
He who would search for pearls must dive below.
Dryden.

MISFORTUNE.

Misfortune is the touch-stone of friendship.

If misfortunes make us wise they recompense us for our losses.

—

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more and double thy distress. *Young.*

MONEY.

Money is the servant of some men, and the master of others.

Money may credit you, but wisdom must adorn you.

Money, like manure, does no good till it is well spread.

Money is a despotic queen, and binds her slaves with the strongest fetters.

The purse had better be empty than filled with other folk's money.

He that hath no money needs no purse.

It is a rare miracle for money to lack a master. *Bias.*

USURY.

Usury is the daughter of avarice.

He that takes usury of his fellows will have God to take usury of him.

ADVERSITY.

Adversity is the true scale to weigh friends in.

Adversity patiently undergone is the brightest virtue.

Adversity succesfully overcome is the highest glory.

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

IGNORANCE.

Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune.

Ignorance is the mother of superstition.

Ignorance is the mother of conceit.

DEBT.

Live not on credit, and you shall live in liberty.

Paying debts with borrowed money is kicking them into the future.

A good paymaster is lord of another man's purse.

MELANCHOLY.

A melancholy tear affects my eye,
And my heart labours with a sudden sigh. *Prior.*

Thy humorous vein, thy pleasing folly
Lives all neglected, all forgot,
And pensive wayward melancholy
Thou dread'st and hop'st, thou know'st not what.
Prior.

This is mere madness
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd;
His silence will sit drooping. *Shakspeare.*

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

Disappointments lurk in many a prize,
As bees in flowers sting us with success. *Young.*

ENVY.

Envy is the rack of the soul and the torture of the body.

Envy is always lying in wait where virtue flourishes.

Envy never does a good turn but what it meant an ill one.

He who envies another admits his own inferiority.

Few envy the merits of others that have any merit of their own.

Envious men grow lean at the success of their neighbours. *Horace.*

Envy is blind and knows no other quality than that of detracting from others. *Livy.*

Spleen to mankind, his envious heart possest,
And much he hated all, but most the best. *Pope.*

Envy will merit as its shade persue;
But like a shadow proves the substance true. *Pope.*

With fame in just proportion envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes. *Young.*

A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd;
Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour which their neighbours find.
Crabbe.

Few have the fortitude of soul to honour
A friend's success, without a touch of envy.

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. *Thompson.*

Envy that doth with misery reside
The joy and the revenge of ruined pride.

GOVERNMENT.

Government is the soul of society.

Moderation is the great secret of government.

Common consent is the only legitimate base of government.

OPPRESSION.

Oppression will make a wise man mad.

HEROISM.

The greatest heroism is to have your enemy in your power, and yet to do him good.

COURAGE.

Courage should have eyes as well as arms.

Conduct and courage is the sure way to honour.

Courage without conduct, like a ship without a ballast, is overcome by the slightest storm.

True valour, friends on virtue founded strong
Meet all events alike. *Mallett.*

This is true courage, not the brutal force
Of vulgar heroes, but the firm resolve
Of virtue and of reason. He who thinks
Without their aid to shine in deeds of arms,
Builds on a sandy basis his renown;
A dream, a vapour, or an ague fit
May make a coward of him. *Whitehead.*

AMBITION.

Ambition is the fire of the soul.

He that climbs to the summit of his ambition, will find that he has only reached the depth of real misery.

MISERS.

The miser is as much in want of what he has, as the beggar of that which he has not. *Syrus.*

Like a miser 'midst his store,
Who grasps and grasps till he can grasp no more.

As some lone miser visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
Goldsmith.

KINGS.

A king is given to serve the kingdom, not the kingdom to serve the king.

He is a king who fears nothing; and he a king who covets nothing.

And what have kings that privates have not too,
Save ceremony? *Shakspeare.*

Happy when both to the same centre move
When kings give liberty, and subjects love. *Denham.*

VICTORY.

He conquers twice, who restrains in victory. *Syrus.*

The most glorious victory we can gain over another, is, that when the injury begins on his part, for the kindness to begin on ours.

COWARDICE.

Cowardly dogs bark most loudly.

The coward blusters to disguise his terrors. *Lucan.*

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Shakspeare.

Cowards have courage when they see not death.
Dryden.

As cheats to play with those still aim,
That do not understand the game;
So cowards never use their might,
But against such as will not fight. *Hudibras.*

SLOTHFULNESS.

Sloth is the mother of poverty.

Sluggards cause their own misfortunes.

Sloth is the canker of the body and the mind.

He that is slothful in his work, is brother to him that is a great waster.

The vices of sloth are only to be shaken off by business.

Seneca.

SUPERSTITION.

Superstition is the child of ignorance.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

POWER.

Power discovers the real disposition of a man.

For strength from truth divided, and from just,
Illaudible nought merits but dispraise,
And ignominy. *Milton.*

AUTHORITY.

They who love authority most, are apt to use it to the least advantage to their own character.—P.

I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my mouth let no dog bark!

Shakspeare.

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyranous
To use it like a giant.
Could great men thunder,
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.

Shakspeare.

Authority!
Thy worshipp'd symbols round a villain's trunk
Provoke men's mockery, not their reverence.

PEACE.

Pax portio bello.

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee,
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. *Shakspeare.*

ANARCHY.

My soul aches,
To know when two authorities are up.
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other. *Shakspeare.*

MOBS.

A mob has many heads, but no brains.

Look as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows.
Commanded always by the greatest gust;
Such is the likeness of a common mob.

POLICY.

Policy often effects what force cannot.

Policy is to guard your weak side from being known, but if it be attacked, join in the attack.

Policy is to be an Englishman in London, a Frenchman in Paris, a Spaniard in Madrid, and an American in Washington City.

DECEIT.

Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shapes,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

Shakspeare.

RESENTMENT.

Silent resentment is worse than open rebuke.

—

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep:
And in his simple show he harbours treason.

Shakspeare.

THRIVING,

He that would thrive, must rise at five,
He that hath thriven, may lie till seven.

He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

INSULT AND INJURY.

The best remedies for injuries is to forget them.

Be always more ready to forgive than to return an injury.

Those who are most ready to offend are least willing to pardon.—*P.*

None more impatiently suffer injuries, than they who are most forward in doing them.—*P.*

By forgetting injuries, we shew ourselves superior to them.

Contempt for injurious words stifles them ; resentment revives them.

He is happy who can soon forget an injury.

No one pretends to hate an injury more than he who offers it.

He who ignorantly does an injury shall knowingly make reparation.

He avoids many inconveniences, who does not appear to notice them. *Horace.*

All, more or less, against each other dash,
To mutual hurt, by gusts and passions driven,
And suffer more from folly than from fate. *Young.*

MYSTERY.

Mystery magnifies danger as the fog does the sun.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the scene.

PROCRASTINATION.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal world. *Young.*

PREVENTATIVES.

An ounce of preventative is worth a pound of cure.

Who would not give a trifle to prevent,
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure? *Young.*

PROGNOSTICS.

Careful observers
By sure prognostics may foretell a shower. *Swift.*

Though your prognostics ran too fast,
They must be verified at last. *Swift.*

BORROWING.

He who goes borrowing, goes sorrowing.

He who borrows on usury is the herald of his own beggary.

EARLY RISING.

Rise early, live soberly, and apply thyself with industry.

What the better is a horse for the sluggard's rising early?

Early rising not only gives us more life in the same number of years, but adds likewise to their number.

Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.
Franklin.

WANT.

It is better to suffer want with patience, than dishonorably to relieve those wants.

—

Want is the scorn of ev'ry fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule. *Dryden.*

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.
Goldsmith.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit and active diligence. *Dryden.*

GOOD AND ILL.

It is better to do good for wages than to do evil at our own expense.—*P.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues. *Shakspeare*

—

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones. *Shakspeare.*

WISHES.

Wishes, like beggar's hopes, are seldom realized.

As you cannot effect that which you wish, you should wish for that which you may effect. *Terence.*

—

We, ignorant of ourselves,

Begin often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit,
By losing our prayers. *Shakspeare.*

EVIL SPEAKING.

An evil sayer differs from an evil doer, only in the want of an opportunity. *Quintilian.*

SPORTING.

The shame is not in having sported, but in not having let off the sport.

—

Once to be wild is not a foul disgrace,
The blame is to persue the frantic race.

BEGGARY.

More beggars are made by their own misconduct than by the oppression of others.

—

In cottage garb: before the palace door,
The beggar rotted, starving in his rags:
And on the threshold of luxurious domes
The orphan child laid down his head and died.
Pollock.

SUSPICION.

Suspicion is the poison of true friendship.

At the door where suspicion enters love goes out.

Suspicion is ever strong on the suffering side. *Syrus.*

COVETOUSNESS.

Covetousness is its own tormenter.

Covetous people always think themselves in want.

—

O cursed lust of Gold! When for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds;
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

DIET.

Simple diet gives health and quiet.

Diet cures more than the doctor.

—

To sleep well at night,
Let your diet be light;
Or else you'l complain
Of a stomach in pain.

Unquiet meals make ill digestion. *Shakspeare.*

PRODIGALITY.

Of all prodigality that of time is the worst.

A prodigal lives rich to die poor, a miser lives poor to die rich; and the prodigal quits life in debt to others, but the miser quits it still deeper in debt to himself. *Colton.*

FACTION.

Party faction is the bane of Society.

Party faction is the madness of many for the gain of a few.

As an empty barrel makes the loudest sound, so he is the most clamerous who has the least wisdom.

—

The Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult of the soul.

The man of firm and noble soul,
No factious clamours can controll. *Byron.*

The people like a headlong torrent go,
And every dam they break or overflow.—*Shakspeare.*

PUNISHMENT.

Punishment deferred is twice given.

—

The powers above are slow
In punishing, and should not we resemble them?—*Dryden.*

SIN.

To be guilty of sin is to approve of it.

He sins twice who praises the sinner.

Little sins lead to great evils.

Innumerable sins bring countless sorrows.

Who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

Most men sin in haste and repent at leisure.

Custom and practice may countenance sin, but cannot lessen it.

Carnal sins proceed from fulness of food and emptiness of employment.

Sin is a loathsome leprosy, fretting the white robe of innocence;
A rottenness, eating out the heart of the royal cedars of Lebanon;
A pestilential blast, the terror of that holy pilgrimage;
A rent in the sacred vail, whereby God left his temple.
Tupper.

Yet to be secret makes no sin the less,
'Tis only hidden from the public view. *Dryden.*

Manlike is it to fall into sin,
Fiendlike is it to dwell therein,
Christlike is it for sin to grieve,
Godlike is it all sin to leave.

DEVIL.

All men profess to hate the devil; yet all men follow his example.

—

Bad as he is, the devil may be abused
Be falsely charged and causelessly accused;
When men unwilling to be blamed alone,
Shift off on him the crimes which are their own.

WEAK MINDS.

To be ashamed to practice the precepts which the heart approves, marks a feeble and imperfect character.

To ingratiate ourselves with some, by traducing others, shows a base and despicable mind.

—

They list with women each degenerate nam
Who dares not hazard life for fortune, fame. *Dryden.*

DOUBT.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. *Shakspeare.*

The wound of peace is surdity,
Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd
The beacon of the wise, the tent that searches
To the bottom of the worst. *Shakspeare.*

DECENCY.

Decency is the genuine tint of virtue, and the false coloring of vice.

CONTROVERSY.

If any one decide upon hearing only one side of the controversy, although such decision prove correct, he has acted unjustly. *Seneca.*

CRAFTINESS.

Craftiness is wisdom without justice.

CEREMONY.

Excess of ceremony shows want of breeding.

That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

I never stood on ceremonies
Yet now they fright me. *Shakspeare.*

BEES.

The royal bee, queen of the rosy bower,
Collects her precious sweets from every flower.
C. Johnson.

Induced by such examples, some have thought
That bees have portions of etherial thought.—*Dryden.*

AMIABILITY.

The truly amiable seldom speak severely or contemptibly of others, even though they deserve it.

VULGAR MINDS.

Serious advice to vulgar minds, is like feeding a sick man on honey: it is vomited while yet in the mouth.—P.

WRONGS.

Wrongs may try a good man, but cannot imprint on him a false stamp.

WASTEFULNESS.

Wilful waste make woful want.

REPROACH.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

BURDENS.

The burdens which we choose are esteemed light.

The burden which was thoughtlessly got must be patiently borne.

BASHFULNESS.

He who knows the world will not be too bashful; and he who knows himself will not be too important.

SHAME.

He that has no shame has no conscience.

QUIET.

Quiet persons are mostly welcome.

IMITATION.

Imitation is the sincerest of flattery.

INDOLENCE.

The indolent may possess but cannot enjoy.

INFIDELITY.

It requires more study to confirm the Infidel, than the Christian.

Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves. *Young.*

OLD AGE.

The longest life is but a parcel of moments.

OPULENCE.

They whom opulence has made proud, and whom luxury has corrupted, cannot relish the simple pleasures of nature.

EXTREMES.

He that will run after extremes will often find it necessary to fly from the face of calm reason.—P.

EGOTISM.

He that thinks too highly of himself, must not feel disappointed if the world thinks too lowly of all his acts—P.

The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels. *Young.*

EXAMINATIONS.

Examinations are formidable, even to the best prepared, for the greatest fool may ask, more than the wisest man can answer. *Colton.*

PEDANTRY.

Pedantry charmes our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it. *Colton.*

EVIL.

The apprehension of evil is often worse than the evil itself.

FOES.

Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth;
But endless is the list of human ills. *Young.*

FANCY.

Rule your fancy with your reason or it will overrule you.

FRETFULNESS.

'Tis a folly to sweat o'er a difficult trifle,
And for silly devices invention to rifle.

FALSEHOOD.

Many false things have more appearance of truth than things that are most true : as the sun appears to go round the earth, when in fact it is to the contrary.

No falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper, but returns
Of force to its own likeness. *Milton.*

MADNESS.

Must I give way to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a mad man stares?
Shakspeare.

MERRIMENT

Excessive merriment is the fruit of grief.

MISCALCULATION.

Sins and debts are always more than one takes them to be.

MISUNDERSTANDING.

Misunderstanging is the cloak of many a wilful lie.

Misunderstanding brings many a lie to town.

PREPARATION.

Prepare for the worst, and hope for the better.

DISCIPLINE.

Rigour of discipline often conceals great depravity of heart.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity is the nurse of anger.

PRESUMPTION.

Presumption will overthrow the brightest attainments.

RIDICULE.

Nothing so effectually blunts the edge of ridicule as a good humour.

REFORMATION.

Two difficulties are always in the way of reform; old habits and settled prejudice.

One reason why the world is not reformed, is because every man would have others make the start, never thinking of himself.

TRIFLES.

Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle. *Angelo.*

A little spark will make a great fire.

A small leak will sink a great ship.

Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.

Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good;
For a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth.
Tupper

The streams of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness:
And the deepest wretchedness of life is continuance of petty pains
Tupper.

He that wondereth at nothing hath no capability of bliss;
But he that scrutinizeth trifles hath a store of pleasures to his hand.
Tupper.

For there is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce
great things,
And no swerving from the right line, that may not lead eternally
astray:
A land mark tree was once a seed; and the dust in the balance
maketh a difference. *Tupper.*

SYMPATHY.

The tear of sympathy brings its own relief.

MALICE.

Malice seldom wants a mark to shoot at.

Men, that make
Envy, and crooked malice, nourishment,
Dare bite the best. *Shakspeare.*

WOMEN.

It may be hard living with women, but we cannot live at all without them. *Socrates.*

Woman alone was formed to bless
The life of man, and bless his care;
To soothe his breast, when keen distress
Hath lodged a poison'd arrow there.

PARALLEL OF THE SEXES.

Man is strong—woman is beautiful.

Man is daring and confident—woman diffident and unassuming.

Man is great in action—woman in suffering.

Man shines abroad—woman at home.

Man talks to convince—woman to persuade and please.

Man has a rugged heart—woman a soft and tender one.

Man prevents misery—woman relieves it.

Man has science—woman taste.

Man has judgment—woman sensibility.

Man is a being of justice—woman an angel of mercy.

HONORED BE WOMAN! she beams on the sight,
Graceful and fair like a being of light;
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,
Roses of bliss, o'er our thorn-covered ways;
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,
To be gathered and twined in a garland of love.

Man, on passion's stormy ocean,
Tossed by surges mountain high,
Courts the hurricane's commotion,
Spurns at Reason's feeble cry.
Loud the tempest roars around him,
Louder still it roars within;
Flashing lights of hope confound him
Suns him life's incessant din.

Woman invites him, with bliss in her smile,
To cease from toil and be happy awhile,
Whispering wooingly—come to my bower,
Go not in search of the phantom of power;
Honor and wealth are illusory—come,
Happiness dwells in the temple of home.

Man, with fury stern and savage,
Persecutes his brother man,
Reckless if he bless or ravage,
Action, action still his plan.
Now creating—now destroying,
Ceaseless wishes tear his breast;
Ever seeking—ne'er enjoying,
Still to be—but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,
Enjoys in its beauty, life's flower as it blows,
And waters and tends it with innocent heart;
Far richer than man with his treasures of art,
And wiser by far in her circle confined,
Than he with his science and flights of the mind.

Coldly to himself sufficing,
Man disdains the gentler arts,
Knoweth not the bliss arising
From the interchange of hearts.
Slowly through his bosom stealing,
Flows the genial current on,
Till, by age's frost congealing,
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the heart that instinctively rings,
As the night-breathing zephyr sighs on the strings,
Responds to each impulse with ready reply,
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try:
And tear drops and smiles on her countenance play
Like sunshine and showers in a morning in May.

Through the range of man's dominion
Terror is the ruling word—
And the standard of opinion
Is the temper of the sword.
Strife exalts, and pity, blushing,
From the scene despairing flies,
Where, to battle madly rushing,
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—
She rules with enchantment the realm of the soul;
As she glances around in the light of her smile,
The war of the passions is hushed for awhile—
And Discord, content from his fury to cease,
Reposes entranced on the billows of peace.

From the German of Schiller.

PART SECOND.

CONSISTING OF SAYINGS ARRANGED IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.

INTRODUCTION.

It will be readily seen, upon examining the pages that follow, that from the compound nature of the sentences that fill them, it would not be easy to class them off as in the former part of the work:

"*Be ready to hear, careful to contrive and slow to advise.*

It would not be easy to determine under what head to place this sentence; also

"*Men change with fortunes, manners change with climes,*
Tenets with books and principles with times."

In this case our wits would be bothered for a proper and significant head under which to place such a sentence. It has, therefore, been found convenient to have an alphabetical arrangement, in which to place those sayings that could not be readily assigned a place under an appropriate head. It is believed that the following pages contain many sentiments of infinite value to all branches of society. They are too good to be lost, and too complicated in meaning to receive a different classification.

READY WISDOM.---PART II.

A.

Art and science have no enemies but those who are ignorant.

A good cause makes a stout heart and a strong arm.

A man forewarned is a man fore-armed.

A runaway monk never praises his convent.

Almost and very nigh save many a lie.

A needy man's budget is full of schemes.

A bird is known by his note; so is a man by his discourse.

All complain of want of memory, but none of want of judgment.

A soft answer turneth away wrath.

A penny saved is twice earned, and a stitch in time saves nine.

As in life, so in study, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time.

An upright mind is like a perfect eye, and will never be at a loss to determine what is just and true, lovely, honest, and of good report.

A man who is always satisfied with himself, is seldom so with others; and others are as little pleased with him.

Rochfoucoult.

Affairs, like salft-fish, ought to be a great while soaking.

A crown will not cure the head-ache, or a golden slipper the gout.

Attempt not to fly like an eagle with the wings of a wren.

A man triumphant is a monstrous sight,
A man dejected is a sight as mean. *Young.*

And in this life, a man of thought and sense
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,

Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
In all the magnanimity of thought,

Resolves and re-resolves—then dies the same. *Young.*

A ship that hath struck soil, doth run,
By force of that force which before it won. *Donne.*

I'd rather put up injuries than be
A plague to him who'd be a plague to me.
Pomfret.

All from utility this law approve,
As every private bliss must spring from love.
Jenyns.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel. *Pope.*

All may be useful in some place or state,
All may be happy, but all can't be great. *Collins.*

B.

Burdens which we choose are not felt.

Believe not all you hear, and report not all you believe.

Be ready to hear, careful to contrive and slow to advise.

Better to face a danger once than be always in fear.

By learning to obey we learn to command.

Begin nothing until you have learned how it is to be finished.

Be cautious of believing ill, but more cautious of reporting it.

Before you attempt consider what you can perform.

Bear and blame not what you cannot change.

Believe after trial, and judge before friendship.

Beware of him who has no regard for his own reputation.

Buy what you do not want, and you will sell what you cannot spare.

Bachelor's wives and maid's children are always well taught.

Bold is the task, when subjects, grown too wise,
Instruct a monarch where his error lies. *Pope.*

Beasts of each kind their fellows spare:
Bear lives in amity with bear. *Johnson.*

Candour and open dealing are the honor of a man's nature.

Choose what is most fit and custom will render it agreeable.

Clean gloves often hide dirty hands.

Certain good should never be relinquished for uncertain hopes.

Conveniences have their inconveniences, and comforts their crosses.

Cunning and treachery often proceed from want of capacity.

Captious people create trouble for themselves by troubling others.

Charity obliges us not to mistrust a man; prudence, not to trust before we know him.

Credulous men are the prey of crafty ones.

Credit lost is like a broken looking glass.

Conscious guilt renders us mean spirited, timerous, and base.

Contempt is the first item of reward bestowed upon the presumptious and vain.

Consider well, who you are, what you do, whence you come, and wither you go.

Cut off the cause, and the effects will cease,
And all the moving madness fall to peace. *Dryden.*

Civil dissension is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the commonwealth.
Shakspeare.

D.

Deliberate long on that which you can do but once.

Deem every day of your life a leaf in your history.

Do nothing to-day that will cause repentance to-morrow.

Doing good is the way to enjoy good.

Deeds are fruits, and words the leaves of life.

Distance is the best remedy against an illnatured man.

Defer not 'till evening what the morning may accomplish.

Despatch is the soul of business, and method the soul of despatch.

Distractions follow inconsiderate actions.

Doing nothing is doing ill.

Desperate cases must have desperate cures.

Discomposed thoughts, agitated passions, and a ruffled temper, poison every pleasure of life.

Deep rivers move in silent majesty,
While little shallow brooks are noisey.

Debate destroys despatch, as fruits we see
Rot when they hang too long upon the tree. *Denham.*

E.

Ease and honor are seldom bedfellows.

Empty vessels make the loudest sounds.

Every cook praises his own stew.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Every man is the best judge of his own pallate.

Every ass thinks himself worthy to stand with the king's horses.

Every man bows to the bush which shelters him.

Equal success hath set these champions high,
And both resolved to conquer or to die *Waller.*

Express thyself in plain, not doubtful, words,
That ground for quarrels or disputes affords. *Denham.*

Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for public splendor.—*Johnson*

Frugality is a fair fortune, and industry a good estate.

Firmness of character should be blended with gentleness of manners.

Forfeiture of reputation usually follows want of faith.

Female delicacy is the best preservative of female honor.

Fortune has no power over discretion.

Forecast is better than hard work.

—

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear.
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the desert air.

Fathers alone, a father's heart can know
What secret tides of still enjoyment flow,
When brothers love : But if their hate succeeds,
They wage the war; but 'tis the father bleeds.— *Young.*

G.

God helps those who help themselves.

Gossiping and lying go hand in hand.

Get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and, live contentedly.

Great designs require great consideration.

Great events give scope for great talents.

Gain is temporary and uncertain, but expense is constant and certain.

Great gifts make bold beggars.

Great sins require great repentance.

Great minds are easy in prosperity, and quiet in adversity.

Good news is only rumoured, but bad news flies.

Great men like comets are eccentric in their courses.

Good is good, but better carries the point.

—

Good after ill, and after pain delight,
Alternate, like the scenes of day and night. *Dryden.*

II.

He that breaks his word bids others be false to him.

He that would be reputable must run the risk of being miserable.

Honest employments are excellent patrimonies.

Hearts may agree though heads differ.

He who sows brambles must not go barefoot.

He who makes an idol of interest, makes a martyr of integrity.

He who would reap well, must sow well.

Human blood is all the same color.

He that is surety for another is never sure himself.

He who contemns a small crime, commits a great one.

Hungry men call the cook lazy.

He who swells in prosperity will sink in adversity.

He who says what he likes, must hear what he does not like.

Have a place for every thing, and keep every thing in its place.

He who is dreaded by many, also dreads many.

He who goes the wrong road must go the journey twice over.

He that cannot have the world as it ought to be, must resolve to take it as it is.—*P.*

He that is hurried by the violence of passion, or ensnared by the allurements of pleasure, is like the silly fly which goes thro' a light at the sacrifice of his wings.

He that educates a wicked man is like one who grinds a sword for battle.—*P.*

He that can please nobody, is not so much to be pitied as he that nobody can please.

He that receives good should strive to remember it—he who does good should strive to forget it.

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessors only a choice of evils.

He that expects more from the world than it is able to give, will finally discover he has taken less than was his privilege to secure.—*P.*

He multiplies his days who lives much in a little space.

He that is himself weary will soon weary the company.

He that makes himself a sheep must expect to be eaten by the wolves.

He loses his time who comes early to a bad bargain.

He must run whom the devil drives.

He that has no silver in his purse should have silver on his tongue.

He who does not honor his wife dishonors himself.

He is miserable who knows not how to spend his time.

He that has one sheep in the flock will like all the rest better for it.

He that has the spice may season as he pleases.

He that has a wax head must not walk in the sun.

He that would eat the kernel must not complain at cracking the nut.

He who works in the market-place has many instructors.

He that entertains a dangerous design puts his head in a halter.

He who walks without discretion is at the mercy of everybody.

He who pays well is the master of every man's purse.

How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Heav'n made us agents free to good or ill,
And forc'd it not, tho' he foresaw the will. *Dryden.*

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man? *Young.*

He whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind,
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race;
And he commits a crime who calls him base.
Dryden.

Hints, shrewdly strewn, mightily disturb the spirit,
Where a barefaced accusation would be too ridiculous for calumny. *Tupper.*

I.

It is human to err, but devlish to persevere in error.

It is much easier to rouse the passion than to direct the mind.

If every one would mend one, all would soon be mended.

If every one had his own ends, all would soon come to a bad end.

Intentions, as well as actions, must be good to be acceptable.

If the mind sow not corn it will plant thistles.

Imitate a good man, but never counterfeit him.

Inconstancy is the attendant of a weak mind.

Imprint the beauties of authors on your imagination, and their morals on your heart.

It is an ill wind that does nobody good.

In your worst estate hope, in the rest fear; in all be circumspect.

If you play with a fool at home he will play with you abroad.

In those things which are essential, let there be unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all charity. *Augustine.*

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

It is a foolish sheep that makes the wolf his confessor.

It is good going on foot when a man has a horse in his hand.

It is easy to take a man's part but the matter is to maintain it.

If it were not for eating, every back might wear gold.

It is not by saying honey that sweets come into the mouth.

It is degrading to be commended by those who are not themselves worthy of praise.

It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

It is the man that makes the most noise, that secures the attention of the world. A silent elephant may remain unobserved amid the foliage of the wood; but a croaking bull-frog is sure to attract attention in the darkest night.

I see the right and approve it too;
Condemn the wrong, and yet the wrong persue.
Tate.

Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense. *Roscommon.*

If thou wishest to be wise
Keep these words before thine eyes—
What thou speakest, and how, beware,
Of whom, to whom, when and where.

I envy not the mighty great,
Those powerful rulers of the state
Who settle nations as they please,
And govern at th' expense of ease.
Far happier the shepherd swain,
Who daily drudges on the plain,
And nightly in some humble shed
On rushy pillows lays his head.
No cursed ambition breaks his rest,
No factious wars divide his breast:
His flock, his pipe, and artless fair,
Are all his hope and all his care.
Hilderbrand Jacob.

J.

Judge not men or things at first sight.

Jest not with the eye, nor with religion.

K.

Keep good company and be one of the number.

L.

Licentious books fall before a chaste eye.

Little minds like little pots are soon heated.

Let another's shipwreck be your sea-mark.

Lucky men need little counsel.

Long hopes wear out joys, as long maladies wear out grief.

Little and often fills the purse.

Loud threatenings make men stubborn.

Lazy people often take the greatest pains.

Let reason go before every enterprise, and counsel before every action.

Larger ships may venture more,
But little boats must keep near shore.

Love and meekness, Lord,
Become a churchman, better than ambition;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. *Shakspeare.*

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to a full disgrace. *Shakspeare.*

M.

Make yourselves all honey, and you will soon find flies to devour you.

Mildness governs better than anger.

Men are most easily deceived in plotting to deceive others.

Mean men admire wealth, great men true glory.

Men talk like philosophers and live like fools.

Mean fortunes and proud spirits are generally of short acquaintance.

Much coin, much care; much meat, much malady.

Many go out for wool and come home shorn.

Many hands make light work.

Man purposes, but God disposes.

Make provision for want in time of plenty.

Mischievous dogs must be tied short.

Man's chief good is an upright mind, which no earthly power can bestow or take away.

Measure no man's reason by your own—if he be greater it is your presumption; if be be less it is your shame.

Men readily believe what they wish to be true.

Misfortunes display the skill of a general, prosperous circumstances conceal his weakness.

Many who find the day too long, think life too short.

Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight. *Young.*

Men change with fortunes, manners change with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Man smiles in ruin glories in his guilt;
And infamy stands candidate for praise. *Young.*

N.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

Never confide in the man you bribe.

Nothing is so secret, but time and truth will reveal it.

Never sport with pain or poverty.

Never speak to deceive, nor listen to betray.

None so deaf as those who will not hear.

Nothing so disagreeably united as a proud mind and a beggar's purse.

Nothing can be well done that is not done in season.

Nothing is more intolerable than proud ignorance.

Not to oversee workmen is to leave them with your purse open.

Nature set every thing to sale for labour.

Nothing seems difficult to the brave and faithful.

No object is more pleasing to the eye, than the sight of a man we have obliged; nor any music so agreeable to the ear as the the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

Not deeply to discern, not much to know;
Mankind was born to wonder and adore. *Young.*

Not all the luminaries quenched at once
Were half so bad as one benighted mind. *Young.*

Next call the pleader from his learned strife,
To the calm blessings of a learned life. *Hornech.*

None better guard against a cheat,
Than he who is a knave complete. *Lewis.*

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height.
Somerville.

O.

Our own manners commonly frame our fortunes.

One vice is more expensive than many virtues.

Open rebuke is better than secret hatred.

Only trust thyself and another shall not betray thee.

One ill word asketh another.

One eye witness is better than ten hearsays.

Of evils always choose the least.

One foolish act may undo a man, and a timely one make his fortune.

—

Our business in the field of fight
Is not to question, but to prove our might. *Pope.*

On me when dunces are satirick,
I take it for a panegyrick. *Swift.*

Our present good the easy task is made,
To earn superior bliss when this shall fade.—*Jenyns.*

P.

Poor freedom is better than rich slavery.

Perspicuity is the garment which good thoughts should wear.

Punishments and rewards are the bridles and spurs of life.

Poverty of mind is often conceived under a garb of splendor.

Past years and past pleasures are like water poured through a sieve.

Pardon others often, thyself seldom.

Past labour is present delight.

Public men should have public minds, or private ends will be served at public cost.

Prepare for the worse, hope for the better.

Physician's faults are covered with earth, and rich men's with money.

Pride in thy heart provokes thee to contest.
Truths, which contested, put thy parts to shame.

Young.

Praise from a friend or censure from a foe
Are lost on hearers that our merits know.

Pope.

Q.

Questions of moment require deliberate answers.

Quick believers need broad shoulders.

Quietness and peace flourish where justice and reason govern.

Quick landlords make careful tenants.

Quick returns make rich merchants.

R.

Regal honours have regal cares.

Reason governs wise men, and cudgels govern fools.

Retirement is a prison to the fool, but a paradise to the wise.

Recreation should not be our business, but prepare us for it.

Rage robs a man of his reason and makes him a laughing-stock.

Repeat not among stranges what you hear among friends.

Receive blessings with thankfulness, and affliction with resignation.

Remembrance of past pleasures augments present pain.

Reverence the aged and treat your juniors with kindness.

Resolution is the foundation of all enterprize.

Riches, chance may take or give;
Beauty lives a day, and dies;
Honor lulls us while we live:
Mirth's a cheat, and pleasure flies.

S.

Sacred truth requires sacred language.

Shameless craving must have shameless refusing.

Self preservation is the first law of nature.

Sharp stomachs make short graces.

Short credits make long friends.

Set not every one's dial by your own watch.

Spare superfluities to provide necessaries.

Such as the tree is, such will the fruit be.

Sudden trust brings sudden repentance.

Service and kindness neglected
Makes friendship often suspected.

She should be humble who would please ;
And she must suffer who can love. *Prior.*

Sometimes the body in full strength we find,
While various ails debilitate the mind. *Jenyns.*

So thin, so ghastly meagre, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man. *Dryden.*

T.

The more we serve God the better we serve ourselves.

The greater the difficulty the greater the glory in surmounting it.

To err, is human; to forgive is divine.

Those who plot mischeif live in fear and die miserable.

Time, patience and industry are the three grand masters of the world.

Truth and honesty have no need of loud pretentions.

The shortest answer is to do the thing.

To beget esteem we must benefit others.

That is gold which is worth gold.

Thefts never enrich, alms never impoverish, prayers never hinder work.

The charms of wit excite admiration, those of the heart impress esteem, and those of the body provoke to love.

The laurels of the warrior are died in blood, and bedewed with the tears of the widow and orphan.

The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away.

The rat which has but one hole is soon caught.

That is not always good in the maw that is sweet in the mouth.

The pen of the tongue should be dipped in the ink of the heart.

To lather an ass's head is only wasting soap.

The absent party is sure to be in fault.

The subject's love is the king's life-guard.

Two of a trade seldom agree.

Tempers, like faces, generally appear best at a distance.

The value of a thing is known by the want of it.

The best way to see divine light is to put out thine own candle.

The church is out of temper when charity grows cold and zeal hot.

There is very great force in the accord of good men.

That should be maturely considered that can be decided but once. *Syrus.*

To a man of many questions make no answer. *Plato.*

'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. *Gay.*

'Tis the first sanction nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can. *Denham.*

Tell me with whom thou goest
I'll tell thee what thou doest.

Teach me with art great nature to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night. *Young.*

The crown of manhood is a winter joy;
An evergreen, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate. *Young.*

There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently,
Shakspeare.

The apprehension of the good
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.
Shakspeare.

There cent'ring in a focus round and neat,
Let all your rays of information meet. *Cowper.*

'Tis with our souls
As with our eyes, that after a long darkness
Are dazzled at the approach of sudden light.

U.

Unholiness is the deformity of the mind.

Uninvited guests sit on thorns.

Undertake no more than you can perform.

Understanding is the faculty of reflection.

Uprightness ever gathers the fruit of its own rearing.

Undutiful children make wretched parents.

Unite gentleness of manners with firmness of mind.

Unfeeling men in prosperity are unpitied in adversity.

Umbrage should not be taken where offence is not intended.

Unwelcome news is always soon enough heard.

Use not to-day what to-morrow may want.

Unlettered men are not always the most ignorant, nor learned men the most wise.

V.

Vain glory blossoms but never bears.

Vicious youth never terminates in a contented age.

Vice is infamous, though in a prince, and virtue honorable, though in a peasant.

Virtue is true happiness, excellence true beauty.

—

Virtue disdains to lend an ear
To the mad people's sense of right. *Francis.*

W.

Want is the spur of idleness.

We may buy even gold too dear.

Want of punctuality is a species of falsehood.

Whoever secretly envies another allows that person's superiority.

When prudence dictates fear, temerity is folly.

Where reason rules, appetite obeys.

Where avarice rules, humanity is absent.

What we call time enough, often proves little enough.

Who is bad to his own is not good to himself.

Who loses his due, gets no thanks.

Wise distrust is the parent of security.

Wise men know when they meet with a fool, but a fool seldom knows when he meets with a wise man.

We have a sufficiency when we have what nature requires.
Seneca.

We always struggle for the things which are forbidden, and covet those denied to us. *Ovid.*

Worth is ever at home and carries its own welcome along with it.

Where there is a will there is apt to be a way.

When a man's life is in debate,
The judge can ne'er too long deliberate.
Dryden.

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell. *Pope.*

Weigh well the various terms of human fate,
And seek by mercy to secure your state. *Dryden.*

Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Denham.

Who blesses others in his daily deeds,
Will find the healing which his spirit needs;
For every flower in other's pathway sown,
Will shed its fragrant beauty on our own.

Y.

You need not get a golden pen to write upon the dirt.

Youth is not rich, in time it may be poor,
Part with it, as with money, sparing. *Young.*

SENTIMENTS FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

SELECTED CHIEFLY FROM THE PARLOR SONGSTER.

Life, love and liberty.

Long life to him that has courage to lose it.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May we never know sorrow but by name.

May we always have a friend and know his value.

May temptation never conquer virtue.

May those who love truly be always beloved.

May we have in our arms what we love in our hearts.

Merit to gain a heart, and sense to keep it.

Money to him that has spirit to use it.

More friends and less need of them.

May those who attempt to deceive us be always deceived.

May the sword of justice be swayed by the hand of mercy.

May honor be the commander when love takes the field.

May reason guide the helm when passion blows the gale.

May those who would enslave become slaves themselves.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May the road of happiness be lighted by virtue.

May life last as long as it is worth wearing.

May great men be honest and honest men be great.

May friendship be without interest and love without deceit.

May love be constant and friendship sincere.

Happy to meet, happy to part, and happy to meet again.

Love to one, friendship to a few, good will to all.

May fortune fill the lap where charity guides the hand.

May he that turns his back on his friend, fall into the hands of his enemy.

May the single get married, and the married be happy.

May we kiss whom we please and please whom we kiss.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty, and friends to nothing but real merit.

May honesty never be ashamed of an unfashionable garment.

May those ws love be honest and the land we love be free.

May we be happy and our enemies know it.

May poverty be always a day's march behind us.

May every honest man turn out a rogue.

As we travel through life may we live well on the road.

May the voyage of life end in the haven of happiness.

Riches to the generous and power to the merciful.

Short shoes and long corns to the enemies of freedom.

Success to the lover, and joy to the beloved.

May the lovers of honor be honorable lovers.

May there be unity of hearts in the unity of hands.

May all who love liberty have the liberty to love.

May we never murmur without cause, and have no cause to murmur.

May the eye that drops for the misfortunes of others, shed no tears for its own.

May the lovers of the fair sex never want means to support and spirit to defend them.

May the tear of misery be dried by the hand of commiseration

May evening diversions bear our morning reflections.

May our home be pleasant, and our friends at our homes.

May we never want a bait when we fish for content.

May the rich be charitable and the poor grateful.

May the journey through life be as sweet as it is short.

May the blossoms of friendship never be ripened by the frost of disappointment.

May the bark of friendship never founder on the rock of deceit.

May we enjoy all of fortune's daughters except the eldest, mis-fortune.

May our injuries be written in sand, and our friendship in marble.

May we never, by overleaping the bounds of prudence, trespass upon the bounty of friendship.

May our friends always possess the three title H's, health, honor and happiness.

The three greatest and best generals—General Peace—General Plenty and General Satisfaction.

Liberty for the brave, friendship for the friendly and true love for the affectionate.

May the recollection of the past be pleasant; may the present be pleasing and the future succesful.

May our enemies never suffer severer affliction than to know we prosper.

The navy of my country—may it sail on a sea of glory; and wafted by the gales of prosperity, always enter the port of victory.

May our rulers rule with the rules of justice.

May charity never be a stranger at the board it spreads for brothers.

May hope, gentle hope, with her sweetness illume
The darkness that shadows the depth of the tomb.

May the words we hear be always those
That fall as soft as snow on the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly.

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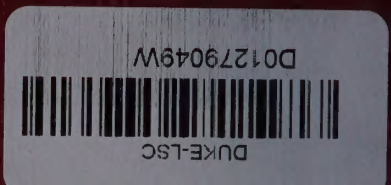
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